# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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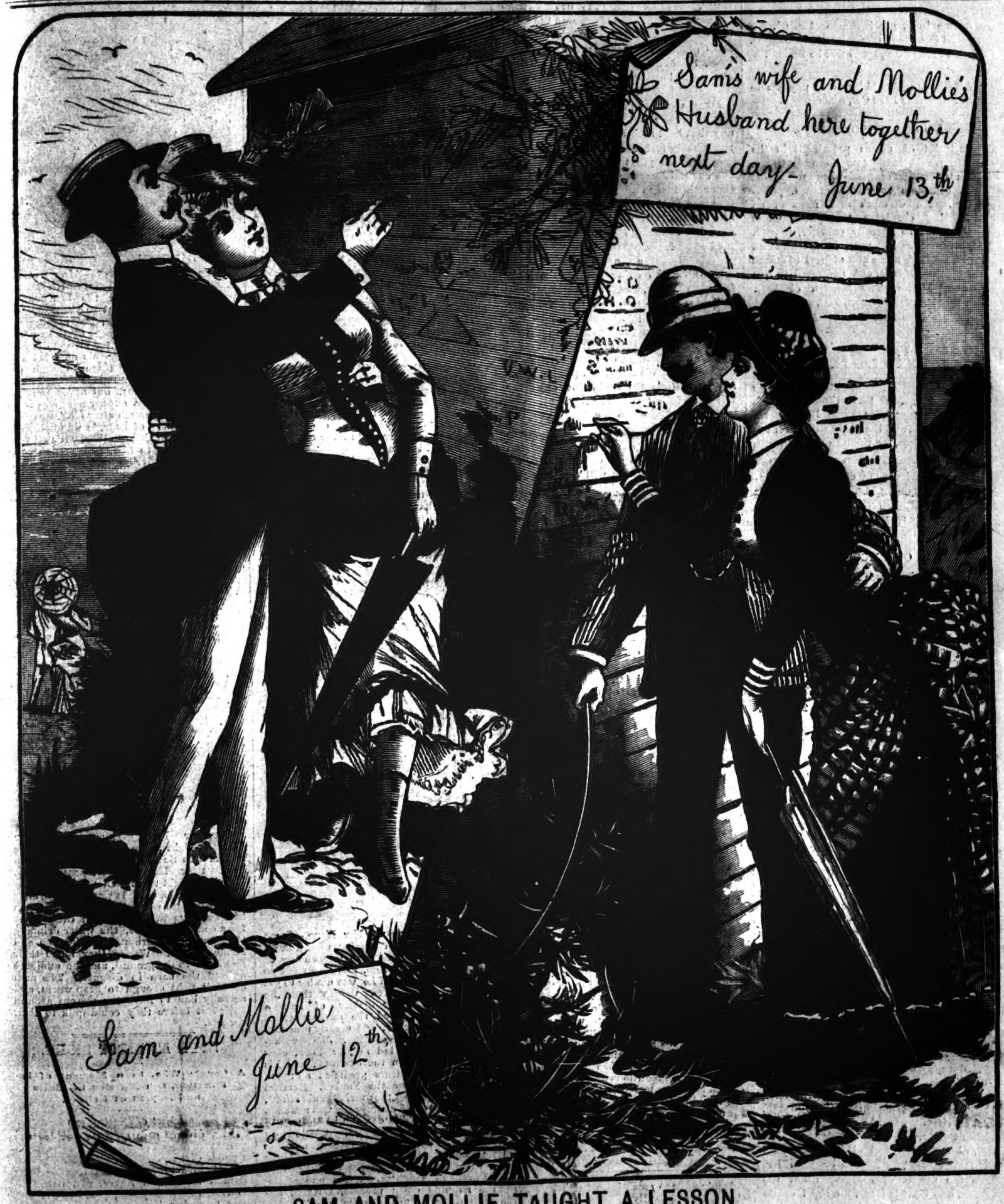


## SAM AND MOLLIE TAUGHT A LESSON.

**A Little Flirtation Brought to an Abrupt End, and Creates much Ill-feeling.**

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used. All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to Ned Hoiske, Editor, The Mirror of Life 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

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If you experience any difficulty in obtaining The Mirror of Life regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. R. (Carlisle). — Peter Jackson was awarded the fight with Jem Smith in the second round on a foul at the Pelican Club, London, November 11, 1889, for a £1,000 purse. He beat F. P. Slavin in ten rounds at the National Sporting Club, May 30, 1892, for a £2,000 purse.

C. (Birmingham).—Thanks for portraits.

S.—Will return portrait as requested.

Turfite.—George Fordham died October 12, 1887.

Jockey.—The fee to a winning jockey is supposed to be five guineas, but it rests with the owner how much above that sum he shall receive.

Elite (Croydon).—The Gatwick racecourse took the place of the old Croydon racecourse. It was opened October 7, 1891.

Ladas (Pontypridd).—Chalk writes exclusively for The Mirror of Life.

G. T. (Glasgow).—John C. Heenan died October 25, 1873.

Subscriber (Dundee).—Please explain the matter more explicitly and we can then give you our opinion.

Reader.—If you experience any difficulty in obtaining the paper, lodge a standing order with your newsagent, or, better still, subscribe and receive The Mirror of Life direct.

P.V.—Your communication reached us too late for insertion. Matter reaching us not later than first post Monday is sure of publication.

M. (Sheffield).—Send us full account.

Constant Reader.—You can get the paper Wednesday morning of any newsagent.

After all, we are to have an international battle decided in London in the Autumn. The participants will be Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and John O'Brian, of Cardiff, who will decide who is the best man at 11st 4lb. The Mirror of Life has been the means of bringing about the match, and what is more, we shall create one or two more international contests before the end of the year. We believe we have first-class men here capable of coping with those of other countries, and it only requires a little energy to induce the good 'uns from abroad to come here and meet our best. The winner of the O'Brian-Craig fight will take on Pritchard, and that battle will decide who is the middle-weight champion of Great Britain. We would like a good foreigner to come here to take on Pedlar Palmer, another for George Johnson, and then develop a heavy-weight capable of wiping the Yankee blowers off the face of the earth.

* * *

Now that Peter Maher has posted a forfeit and challenged the world at all weights for any part of £1,000 a-side and the championship in the old style, he will be intitled to due recognition as an aspirant for premier honours. His victory over Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is not much to his credit because the black was two stone lighter and several inches shorter than the Irish giant. Peter is a much improved man, however, and those who hold him cheap will be sadly fooled.

* * *

During the summer months weekly papers usually fall off in circulation, and any that hold their own are looked upon as remarkably lucky. We are not lucky, but merely proving that The Mirror of Life is an actual necessity, because the circulation continues to climb higher every week. Our increase has not been spasmodic by any means, but a steady and gradual growth—a healthy sign for a paper or any kind of business.

* * *

To those who enjoy reading the Kicks from the Editor, we give this week several that are certain to please the most fastidious. Sporting Anecdotes and Ring Gossip continue prominent, and before the Autumn we shall introduce several new features bound to be well received by our readers. We have set a pace in sporting journalism too rapid for any other weekly to follow and be in the hunt.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

## RECOGNISED HER OLD LOVER.

**A Girl who Repented her Marriage on Finding her Old Lover is still Alive.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

An incident occurred the other day after a marriage ceremony was performed which will blight the lives of three people. A young lady many years ago lost trace of her lover, and giving him up for dead she accepted the attentions of another who led her to the altar. On leaving the church after the ceremony to enter a carriage she beheld her long lost lover holding open the door of the vehicle for her to enter. Upon recognising him she let forth a scream and would have fell fainting to the side walk had it not been for the groom who caught her in his arms. Explanation followed, and now three lives are doomed to a miserable existence.

## GEORGE JOHNSON.

**A London Pugilist who Challenges the World from 8st 10lb to 9st.**

*(With Portrait.)*

When fellow pugilists recognise a man as a champion in his class, it is safe to say he is entitled to the premier honours. George Johnson is conceded to be the best man in the kingdom, if not the world, at 8st 10lb, and far superior to his brother Fred, when the latter was at his very best. The easy manner in which he recently disposed of Matthew Livingstone is a sufficient guarantee of his fighting ability. George has scored many victories in competitions and contests, and stands to-day prepared to fight any man in the world at from 8st 10lb to 9st in weight for a large amount of stake-money and an added purse. We are indebted to Mr. T. Webster, of the Brandon Club, 90, Argyle Street, Glasgow, for the portrait of Johnson.

Don't put too much faith in the woman that talks constantly of her virtue; it isn't the hen that cackles the loudest that layest the biggest eggs.

## SPORTING ANECDOTES.

The Prince Enjoyed the Joke.—At one of the fashionable race meetings a few years since, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was in attendance, and strolled about the lawn conversing with several friends. A short distance off was a small party of the "boys," who were surveying the Prince and commenting upon what a good man he was. It happened at that precise moment that His Royal Highness took a cigarette case out of his pocket and extracted therefrom a cigarette. One of the "boys" remarked that the Prince would give him a cigarette if he wanted one.

A wager of ten shillings was made, and the racecourse follower walked directly up to the Heir Apparent. Doffing his cap, he remarked:

"I beg your pardon, your Royal Highness, but would you please give me a cigarette?"

His Highness was nonplussed over the request, and after looking at the applicant, he meditated for a moment, and then replied:

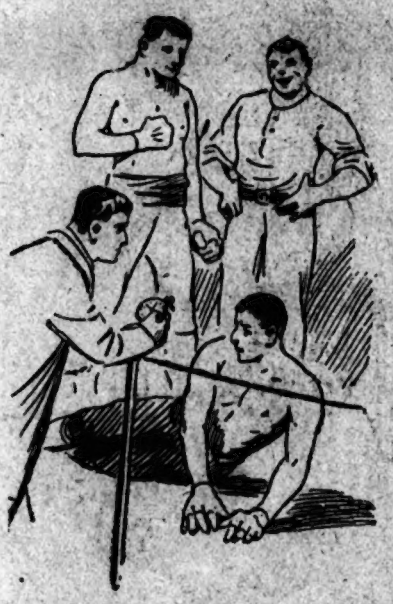
"What game are you up to? How much have you wagered on the result?" At the same time smiling.

"I wagered half a 'quid' with a pal, your Highness, and I don't want to lose."

"Well," said the Prince of Wales, "here's your cigarette," at the same time holding out the case.

After taking the cigarette, he was profuse in his apology and in offering thanks, and then returned to collect his winnings. At the same time, he was heard to say, "What a clever man the Prince is, and the smartest England ever produced; they don't fool him none."

* * *



He Wanted to be Hit Hard.—Some years ago a London pugilist named Bartlett went to the States to take on any of the Yankees at 8st 10lb, and even went so far as to state that if he was unable to get a customer at even weight then he would concede a matter of half a stone. He presented the appearance of a tough nut to crack, and readily procured backing to the tune of £500. Johnny Farrell, an 8st 10lb lad in New York, consented to take on the Cockney, and his most ardent admirers predicted an ignominious defeat for the Yankee. Bartlett was fed on the best the market could afford, and as a beverage champagne was none too good for him. The day the battle was to occur, Bartlett was being rubbed down in the drawing-room of the residence of his financial friend, liniment being profusely distributed over the carpet and furniture as well as the fighter. While undergoing the rubbing down process, Bartlett addressed his trainer as follows:—

"'Ere, Tom, can Farrell 'it 'ard? If 'e can't 'it 'ard I wants no part of 'im. I loikes foighting, I do, and see 'ere ow ard I am! Bli'me! but I'll be b——— well ashamed to hurt the poor s———! Don't let me kill 'im!"

When the men entered the lists with skin gloves on, Farrell levelled a stiff left, which he followed with a cruel right hand punch on the face, sending Bartlett down in a heap. He was urged to rise, but he declined to move, remarking: "Bli'me, 'e 'as knocked my whole blooming dial to pieces." The disgusted sports quitted their foreign fighter and branded him a quitter.

* * *

Gave His Pals a Treat.—After a recent boxing show at Edmonton a North London pugilist, being one of the beneficiares, promised his pals a treat to a supper. He disappeared from view, but managed to reach the railway carriage at the station soon after his pals. After sitting down he drew forth several handfuls of fried fish proffering pieces of them to each pal present, remarking, "This is blooming expensive graft, mates, but never mind, I only treats you to a supper once a year, so I don't feel it so much after all."

"Buy us a sup of beer," said one.

"Yes," responded another, "it's all very fine to treat us to fish, and you eats the fish and give us der bones."

* * *

Couldn't Fight Enough to Keep Warm.—Eight years ago Dick Moorhouse and Martin Sneo, light-weights, met in a barn near Haverhill, Massachusetts, U.S.A., to fight to a finish with skin-tight gloves for £40 a-side. It was in mid-winter and a cold rain was falling. After the men had been "pawing" around each other for a couple of hours, the water dripping through the roof dropped on the men and formed icicles. Where they stood their feet froze to the ground, and the audience quitted the barn in disgust. The men couldn't fight enough to keep warm, and actually had to have the ice cut around their feet before they could walk to their corners.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

**A Couple Who, in a Moment of Infatuation, Get Married in Haste and Repent at Leisure.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

In a divorce case recently decided the petitioner described where he had met the woman of his choice, and the first sight meant love to him. He caressed the damsel for several hours, and then the marriage ceremony was performed. The day following he repented his bargain, when he found that others shared his wife's love.

## KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

WE PAID OUR DEBT.—We are forced to admit we are a trifle "balmy," and probably if the proper people were fully aware of our true condition we should not be roving about at large, fearful lest we became of a violent turn. When we got into an altercation with a bobby recently we were not alive to the fact that we had absorbed our system too liberally with "booze," and, with Dutch courage at its height, we fought like a tiger. It resulted in our arrest, and when brought before the magistrate it was forty shillings or seven days' hard. The boss felt that he could dispense with our services for a week, and advised us to do the time, because forty bob was more than we could earn contributing towards the paper. We wish to thank the cove that occupied our den before we got there, because he had stuck in a quiet corner a nail, which proved of great assistance in picking the oakum. Now that we are at large once more, we shall endeavour to renew our kicks on things we don't like to see.

* * *

WHAT WE ARE GOOD FOR.—Since our incarceration we have felt that we should ascertain what we were really good for. Going to a phrenologist we explained to him the object of our errand, and requested a bob's worth of information. Seating us in a chair, he got behind and began to feel our head. We thought at first he was in search of the little wanderers we are apt to be troubled with at times, but he declared that it was necessary to examine carefully each bump upon our head, and that necessitated pulling our hair apart considerably. The professor displayed deep interest in us, and gave us the following description:—"Your health is good, likewise your temperament; you are moderately active, and never allow work to trouble you a great deal. You are not very excitable, and only give vent to your feelings when you are charged for more than you receive, particularly so at a public-house. You are destined to be the father of a large family, though you would never break your heart over a woman. Your destructiveness is large, that is to say you can destroy more wearing apparel than you can conveniently pay for. You possess a great deal of secretiveness, plenty of Hope, not very benevolent, good at imitation, large individuality and form. You can do with very little food, but you have cultivated a desire for drink, and of that you can stand more than any one man would care to pay for. You are agreeable at times and full of comparison. You are quite a student of human nature, and can tell when you meet a friend, and to what length he will stand you. I find in you a good subject for Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde, though your courage is not so great as your depravity. As for the work you are best adapted, I might say that work is the last thing you think of, but when forced to toil, you have moderate ability as a journalist, though your best forte would be that of a street merchant. You will never accumulate much money because it burns a hole in your purse when you do get possession of any. You think only of yourself, and believe that everybody in the world should bow down to you." That was as much as we could stand, and had we not paid the fee in advance we should never have made good. We do not believe in bumpology, and shall advise our friends to give those professors a wide berth. We know our weaknesses and our strong points better than the old fossil who is just one bob ahead of the game by having us call.

* * *

HE WANTED OUR OPINION.—On returning from lunch the other day we perceived an individual in our sanctum, who had his coat and hat off, sitting in our chair, tilted well back, and his feet cocked up on our desk. We are none too brave at the best of times, and seeing the intruder with his sleeves rolled up as though prepared to wipe the natives off the face of the earth, we naturally quaked a bit, and approached him in a snivelling sort of way to ascertain what we could do for him. "Do for me, Cully, why, I'm der Grecian, and I wants yer to put a piece in de paper 'bout two blokes wot 'ad a mill de oder night, see! My bloke 'as de oder bloke done up, and when I sees my cove ready to put in de blow wot just sets 'em all asleep a bobby steps up hand says as 'ow it 'as gone far enough. Mick, 'im as was referee, 'ad 'arf a quid on de oder joker, and calls it a draw. DE MIRROR OF LIFE shows such blokes up, so I wants you to write a piece wot gives de referee and dat mug as thinks he can foight a bit a roaster, so my pals can see as how I plays my money on der right sort. Dat blok'ee was just wobbling like a blooming drunken mug, and now 'e says as 'ow he was doing de gammon act to catch our brass. See! I wants you to write it up and give your opinion, like."

* * *

WE HAVE JOINED THE ARMY.—Being passionately fond of music and requiring some restraining influence to keep us from going astray, we concluded to join the Salvation Army and have the honour of walloping the bass drum. It is quite a pleasant occupation to parade the streets singing and wading through mud ankle deep, but those who are aware of the personal attractions of the Blood-washed Susan, who follows our footsteps, couldn't resist the temptation. What it most requires is a powerful pair of lungs and a capability of creating a noise loud enough to be heard a mile off. Melody don't count, it is screeching and howling that goes every time. After our *séance* is over every evening we grasp the fairy of our choice and breathe words of love into her ear. We expect to wipe out the cognomen of blood-washed ere long, and if we don't get that dame into thinking that an occasional pot of beer is not an actual necessity, then we want to be well kicked.

* * *

NOW FOR MR. CORBETT.—Our medical adviser informed us the other day that we should take violent exercise of some description. He claimed that our sendentary habits were keeping us thin. We are forced to admit that we possess sedentary habits, and could sit in a chair from now till next Christmas if we could avoid responding to the calls of nature. But to accept the advice proffered, we had suspended a football, and devote an hour every day to punching it. How we do make it fly about, too! Now for Mr. Corbett; if the dark secret don't force him to do battle, we shall. If a house should fall on us we shouldn't tumble, and as for strength! we can lift anything that crosses our path. To do the business up in good shape we engaged a fighter to give us massage treatment. He appeared to be afraid to pollute his hands by putting them in contact with our hide, so he utilised sandpaper. Because we acknowledge we hadn't bathed for some time he allowed it would take at least a week to remove the superfluous covering, but we feel that he has deprived us of a goodly quantity of our skin. We have a faint suspicion that he has gone into the skin-grafting business and is after a quick supply. He has been discharged, and when we happen to meet that cove up goes his blessed eye. We shall show that joker that we are not so simple as we might appear, and though he served us a dirty trick it has taught us a lesson never to gulp down everything that such riff-raff feel inclined to jam down our throat.

## PHUNNYGRAPHS.

MAMMA: "Harry, I want you to come in now and amuse the baby."

Harry (aged five): "You'll have to excuse me, mother; I'm not in the low comedy line."

* * *

"IS Taddles going to marry the young lady he is with to-night?"

She: "No. He's still devoted to his first love."

"Who's that?"

She: "Himself."

* * *

SHE: "You have met the beautiful Miss X, have you not? What do you think of her?"

HE: "She is one of that sort of woman that any man could die for, but none could live with."

* * *

MAY: "I don't think much of a man who proposes to a girl by letter."

Carrie: "My dear, you should feel grateful to a man who proposes to you in any way."

* * *

MRS. GAYBOY: "Is your husband's yacht a centreboard?"

Mrs. Boozeleigh: "No; a sideboard."

* * *

"MY darling," whispered the Chicago man.

"My life," she murmured.

"You are the only wife I ever loved."

* * *

ETHEL: "Mrs. Passeigh has a remarkably fresh complexion."

Maud: "Yes. I never saw such a young head on such old shoulders."

* * *

"DORA," said her mother to the summer girl, "isn't that young Mr. Smarters getting very pronounced in his attentions?"

"Oh, that's all right, mamma," said Dora. "He doesn't mean anything. We're engaged."

* * *

"I DON'T see what business a kicker has on earth," said the irritable man.

"Oh," replied the philosopher, "he is very useful."

"How?"

"He makes you appreciate the people who are goodnatured."

VISITING Clergyman (anxious to compliment his host at a Sunday school celebration): "My dear children, to what one man are we most indebted for the great crowd of happy faces seen here to-day?"

Bright boy: "Adam."

* * *

TOMMY: "Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlour when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him: 'Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day.'"

* * *

CLOSEFIST: "I never give any money to beggars."

Herdso: "Why not?"

Closefist: "When times are hard I don't feel that I can afford it, and when they are good and there is plenty to do, people have no need to beg."

* * *

SUE: "Do you see much in this gown to admire?"

He (gallantly); "Not much, but what there is I admire very greatly."

* * *

THEATRICAL manager: "I've just been reading Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' and I'm stuck on it."

The play-mender: "Yes, sir."

Theatrical manager: "But it's too all-fired gloomy, and now I want you to take hold of it and liven it up for our new specialty company's trip."

* * *

"YOUR Highness," said the menial, "the man with the bullet-proof shirt is waiting in the anteroom."

"Show him in."

Meekly the inventor entered.

"Has this garment been subjected to every possible test?" inquired the potentate.

"It has, please your Majesty."

"Er—has it been to the steam laundry?"

The inventor fell to the floor in a swoon.

"Foiled again," said he as he fell.

* * *

"I'M so glad to get back to me stwaw hat, ye know. After a man's been in college for eight months his bwain gets tired. Why, actually, do you know, I was so wohn out with Gweek and Latin, one day I got mixed up and put the ferrule of me cane in me mouth instead of the head of it, ye know. Wegulah pawesis, ye know, and a stwaw hat is such a west when you have pawesis."

* * *

"I AM opposed to the word 'obey' in the marriage service," said the strong-minded young woman. "It is an outrage; it is——"

"Oh, it does no harm," interrupted the married woman languidly. "No one ever pays any attention to it, you know, and it tickles the vanity of man."

* * *

"So there are no seats left for the new play?"

He: "No, but it doesn't matter; I know a place where we can see just as lovely hats as we can there."

* * *

"WHY don't you send Strong away for his health?"

Doctor: "He has too much as it is. It's all I can do now to keep him in bed long enough to get a decent bill."

* * *

HE (angrily): "Why do people stare at us so?"

She: "Probably wondering, as we are, why we married each other."

* * *

HE: "Didn't you see me on the street to-day? I saw you twice."

She: "I never notice people in that condition."

* * *

A PAIR in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy,
They landed like this.

* * *

PRISONER: "Two pounds for stealing a pair of boots?"

Magistrate: "That's what I said."

"Why, yer worship, they didn't fit."

* * *

IF you are mashed on a barmaid always call in the busiest hour of the night, it will show your great tact.

* * *

A MAID who loveth to sit upon a man's knee, will surely carry a heavy burden near her heart.

* * *

HELL is hotter than Africa, yet it is better populated.

* * *

A PRESSMAN is the noblest work of God—when he's sober.

* * *

A BUMMER is not a thing of beauty, yet his breed live for ever.

* * *

A BEE gathereth honey, a dog accumulateth fleas and a barmaid juggin's

* * *

A WIFE that faileth to find joy in her own home will surely bring sorrow to another's.

* * *

"THE sun never sets on England's dominions," remarked the boasting Britisher.

"England reminds me of an old hen," responded the Yankee.

"Why?" demanded the Britisher, angrily.

"A hen's son never sets, either."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

**A Couple Who, in a Moment of Infatuation, Get Married in Haste and Repent at Leisure.**

DAD WASN'T THE BOSS.

**A Trio who Objected to their Father being too Officious.**

RECOGNISED HER OLD LOVER.

**A Girl who Repented her Marriage on Finding her Old Lover is still Alive.**

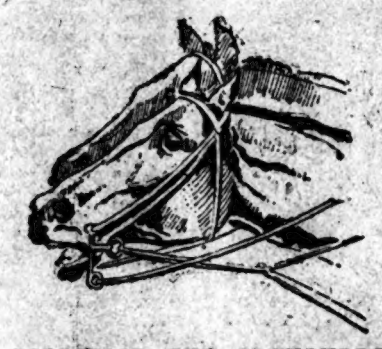
THEY REPULSE THE BURGLARS.

**Two Girls who make a Gallant Stand against House-breakers.**

A STAY-AT-HOME HUSBAND.

**How he Transformed his Residence Into a Bawdy House During his Family's Absence.**

## TURF NOTES.



### GOODWOOD AND ALEXANDRA PARK.

### THE STAKES.

### THE WEEK'S PREDICTIONS.

### FINALS.

The class represented in the long distance contest set for decision this afternoon appears to lack quality, if we except the top weight, Red Eyes, from the list. Both Weltondale and Opera Glass have been seen to advantage, but St. Jude, since his attempt in the Two Thousand, won by Isinglass, has done no good in public, and the figure he cut on that occasion showed him to be the 100 to 1 chance that was offered against him; among the well-tried stayers Barmecide holds a place, and although entered in the Stakes, the policy may be to reserve him for the Cup on Thursday, which he may again place to his credit; if such should be the case his absence may be expected to-day. The three-year-olds are set a difficult task to dispose of the older horses over this distance, more particularly a stayer and the former winner of the Great Metropolitan, like Madame Neruda II., who was successful with 9lb more than she is called upon to carry now, and the field she beat over the Epsom track numbered among them such well-known performers as Madame D'Albany, Bushey Park, Colorado, and White Feather, fully equal, if not better, than opposing here; at shorter distances and with heavier burdens she failed to show to advantage. I fully expect, however, to see this mare add the trophy to her name, and another that will not be without admirers is Spindle Leg; the Chester Cup running of that son of Chippendale and Twysel, when he obtained a situation, will bear inspection, and he will no doubt be supported for a place. If the stable are depending on Opera Glass in preference to Red Eyes her chance must be an undeniable one. Her last performance at Newmarket in a Welter Handicap stamps her more than useful, and her connections thoroughly understand the class and kind necessary for this journey, yet 6st 13lb seems all sufficient for one of her age, and the 6st 10lb of White Feather's in a field of six is the heaviest that has succeeded in passing the post first for more than twenty years; records are broken daily, however, and such may be the case with this daughter of Hagioscope and Jenny, who is certainly bred to stay every yard. The same remark applies to Weltondale, whose recent victories are fresh in the memory, and this colt with 7st 3lb will have all his work before him, good as he is, to be returned the winner, and age with quality will, in making a selection, place Madame Neruda II. in first position, the remaining places to be filled by Opera Glass and Quilon; this will anticipate the Goodwood Stakes of '94.

The best of the thirty-four in the Halnaker Stakes will be found in Levybub, First Fault Unorna, and Gallowglass; the last named, in company with Bellarmine, is undergoing a nice preparation probably with a view to this affair, and I shall couple her with the penalised Levybub to represent me. The recent form of Styx in the Zetland Plate, where he beat that smart filly Sweet Duchess, and the close fight he made of it with Bullingdon on the concluding day of the last Newmarket meeting will no doubt advance him to the position of favourite for the Sussex Stakes; Beggars' Opera, Hornbeam, with Son and Heir may attend him home; but he should experience little difficulty in disposing of the last-named pair. Beggars' Opera must not be left out of the calculation, because in the July Handicap he dealt in somewhat easy fashion with his twelve opponents, and with the odds of 9 to 1 on him the same afternoon, simply made a hack of Demetrius, his solitary opponent in the First Foal Stakes, and justified the confidence reposed in him by winning in a canter; therefore, he and Styx should be handy in this race, and one be returned the winner. In the Levant Stakes Curzon, Gold Dream, and Cheam may be the best. The first-named, with Kirkconell out of the way, should readily account for it. In the Lennox Stakes Sweet Duchess, one of the best of the fillies, who only succumbed to Styx by a neck, may find an adversary in Pontillon, who knows her way home here, having been successful in the Halnaker, where she beat El Gaucho, Styx, Sir Oracle, and others last year. Queen's Favour and Poets' Corner may go to swell the field, but little danger may be apprehended from them, and the race should prove a snip for the first-named. On Thursday the interest will be centred in the Cup, and, as mentioned earlier in this column, the chance held by last year's winner, Barmecide, who will carry the same weight of 8st 6lb, is a good one; but Red Eyes, if sent at a few pounds, has equal claims for recognition, and with Kilsallaghan so well served, one need hardly go further to find the winner; the allowances and penalties favour him to a great extent, and if he can only stay the distance, Paddy cannot give him a stone, and the issue will rest with Barmecide and Kilsallaghan. With most of the stables doubly represented in the Corinthian Plate it is no easy matter to determine their best. Mr. H. T. Barclay has Miss Patty, Ben Avon, and Mortaigne; the last-named is best, and with Florizel II. must be kept on the right side. In the Singleton Plate Gold Reef, Pepperdown, and Pontillon read likely to supply the winner, and Saintly or Seaholm may be trusted with Gallowglass, who, if not successful in the Halnaker Stakes, will be handy in the Rous Memorial Stakes. Chasseur and Cheery hail from the same establishment, although in different interests, and one of them may catch the jugde's eye in the Prince of Wales' Stakes.

On Friday in the Chesterfield Cup, Avington is at the head of affairs, and is a long way removed from his nearest opponent, still I do not think this prize will fall to his share, and La Nievre, Simony II., and Simon Fraser look a likely lot, from which the winner may spring. The first-named will doubtless run in the Stewards' Cup on Tuesday, where, if no penalty be incurred, she may do better, and I shall anticipate the success of Baron de Rothschild's filly.

The best performers that figure in the Nassau Stakes are Maundy Money and Throstle. The latter's fourth in the Eclipse Stakes in this company makes her chance a rosy one, and I shall not look further for the winner, fully expecting to see the number of Mr. Beddington's filly go up first, as a stone would not bring some of the others up to her form.

The recent winner, The Lombard, if sent for the Molecombe Stakes, would capture it. Bentworth appears the only one to trouble him, and, between them, the verdict should be fought out, and Malacca or Pardalo the remaining situations. The Findon Stakes, Kenny and False Step have the most taking appearance of the fifty-four entered, and the latest form in the Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Race at Sandown Park last week may be repeated by the first-named, and will be the best to rely upon. The Chichester Stakes, All Gay or Godwit. In the Visitors' Plate, Sally Brass II., with Halma and Middleham; the last-named has been successful earlier in the season, and should pay for following. At the foot of the Palace at Wood Green racing will be attended by those who care for a pleasant half holiday on the slopes of Muswell Hill next Saturday; being within easy reach of the Metropolis, it will be well patronised, and the six events on the bill of fare promise a good afternoon's sport. The Alexandra Handicap may fall to Primrose Knight, who will be at home over this course; and Cœlus, a winner at the last meeting, may keep him company. Among the Juveniles entered in the Plate, Secure and Cutthroat I like best; Firelight may go, and the issue will be between them. In the Palace Plate, Heatherwell or Quebec; and the Middlesex Handicap, Undecided or Glenloch may go close. The following may be worth attention in the undermentioned events:—

GOODWOOD—WEDNESDAY.

The Stakes:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Madame Neruda** | ... | ... | 1 |
| **Opera Glass** | ... | ... | 2 |
| **Quilon** | ... | ... | 3 |

The Drayton High-Weight Handicap,
**Alfragan** or **Shelley.**

The Halnaker Stakes,
**Gallowglass.**

The Sussex Stakes,
**Styx** or **Beggars' Opera.**

The Lavant Stakes,
**Curzon.**

THURSDAY.

The Lennox Stakes,
**Sweet Duchess.**

The Goodwood Cup,
**Barmecide** or **Kilsallaghan.**

The Corinthian Plate,
**Mortaigne.**

The Singleton Plate,
**Gold Reef** or **Pesades**

The Rous Memorial Stakes,
**Saintly** or **Garioch.**

The Prince of Wales' Stakes,
**Cheery** or **Utica.**

FRIDAY.

The Chesterfield Cup,
**La Nievre** or **Sarana.**

The Nassau Stakes,
**Maundy Money.**

The Molecomb Stakes,
**The Lombard.**

The Findon Stakes,
**Kenny.**

The Chichester Stakes,
**All Gay** or **Godwit.**

The Visitors' Plate,
**Middleham** or **Halma.**

ALEXANDRA PARK.—SATURDAY.

The Middlesex Handicap,
**Undecided.**

The Alexandra Handicap,
**Primrose Knight** or **Cœlus.**

The Juvenile Plate,
**Secure.**

The Palace Plate,
**Heatherwell.**

CHALK.

## ON LAND AND WATER.

The annual race for the Long-Distance Amateur Swimming Championship was decided in Southampton Water, July 28, over a splendid five-mile course, selected by the local club. This is the first time since its inauguration that the race has been swum in salt water. Last year it was brought off in the Mersey, but prior to that the Thames had always been the scene, the course first of all being from Putney to Westminster Bridge—the race was then known as the Lords and Commons—then from Putney to Charing Cross; and finally, owing to the filthy state of the river so low down as Charing Cross, from Kew to Putney Bridge. For yesterday's race there were but eight entrants. Matthew Drake, City of London police, the winner in 1892, but the loser last year, when that phenomenal swimmer Tyers won every championship, drew Station 1. The other entrants and stations were:—J. Wolffe, Birmingham, Station 2; F. Boynes, Woolwich, Station 3; A. E. Stevens, Southampion, Station 4; W. Green, Liverpool, Station 5; H. W. Davidson, Southampton, Station 6; E. Aston, Lewisham, Station 7; J. H. Tyers, Manchester Osborne, Station 8. All of whom started. Tyers at once took the lead with Bowes last away. Tyers soon forged ahead, completing half a mile in 14min 32sec, a mile in 28min 41 2-5sec, and the half distance in 44min 56 2-5sec. Drake was second, 400 yards behind; Wolff was third, and Aston fourth. After completing three miles Tyers became queer and almost gave up, but his coach persuaded him to persevere, and he completed four miles in 81min 20sec, and finally won in 1hour 47min 6 3-5sec.

* * *

Three yachts started in the big cutter race at Penzance, July 28. At the start it was only by dexterous handling that the *Vigilant's* bowsprit was prevented from piercing the *Britannia's* mainsail. The *Britannia* crossed the line 17sec past ten, the *Vigilant* at 25sec, and the *Corsair* at 10sec. The latter secured the weather position. The yachts started in a light S.E. wind. The course was a triangle, and had to be traversed twice to complete the twenty-five miles. The *Satanita* arrived in the bay, but decided not to race. The *Vigilant* allowed the *Britannia* 1min 50sec start, and *Corsair* 35min 10sec. *Britannia* allowed *Corsair* 33 min 38sec. The timing at the first round was—*Britannia*, 1hr 14min 40sec; *Vigilant*, 1hr 16min 52sec. *Britannia* finally beat the *Vigilant* by 5min 14sec, and 1min 50sec, time allowance.

* * *

F. W. Shorland, North Road Club, won for the third time in succession the 100-guinea cup given in the twenty-four hours' cycle race of the London County Club at Herne Hill, proving himself the best man in England in an all-day ride, and securing the prize as his own property. He has the additional satisfaction of having beaten Huret's former world's record by about three miles with the magnificent distance of 460 miles 1,296 yards. The race has never aroused so much interest before, some 12,000 persons witnessing the start at eight o'clock on Friday evening, July 27, and about 4,000 were present all night, singing lustily to keep up the spirits of themselves and the riders, while impecunious enthusiasts were perched in the trees outside the brightly-lighted grounds at three in the morning. The starters included almost all the best distance men in the kingdom, and were besides Shorland (the holder): E. Buckley (Anfield C.C.), A. W. Horton (Catford C.C.), C. G. Wridgway (Anerley and North Road Clubs), C. C. Fontaine (Polytechnic), R. H. Carlisle (Anfield), F. T. Bidlake (North Road), H. J. Chambers (Catford and London County), A. T. Nixon, B. H. Durrant Field (Catford and Bath Road), J. G. Sames (Bath Road and London County), W. H. Knight (Essex Wheelers), A. F. Ilsley (North Road and Stanley), A. Pellant (North Road), G. M'Nish (Catford), J. H. Petersen (Coventry), C. Chapple (Chelsea B.C.), and J. P. K. Clark (North Road).

* * *

Shorland took the lead at once, and covered the first mile in 2min 30sec. The field was soon spread out, and at nine miles Shorland had lapped everyone twice. Ten miles were covered in 23min 17 3-5sec, record time being attained by 6 1-5sec at eleven miles in 25min 37 1-5sec. Twenty miles were completed in 47min 42 4-5sec, record having been lost at twelve miles, regained at fourteen, and dropped again at fifteen. Wridgway, Fontaine, Carlisle, and Petersen were making game efforts to keep up with the leader, but he continued to gain slowly on them, and at the end of the hour they were three-quarters of a mile behind, at which time he had covered 24 miles 1,460 yards. Petersen then made some plucky rushes in the attempt to get past, but was stalled off, and after a short dismount, during which Fontaine and the leading string had endeavoured to make up their disadvantage, Shorland put in some very fast laps, amid great cheering, the thirty-sixth mile being traversed in 2min 23 2-5sec. Ilsley rode to a schedule of times, and declined to hurry. At midnight Shorland had covered 90 miles 1,555 yards; Fontaine, 90 miles; Horton, 89; Carlisle, 87½; Wridgway, 86; and the leader completed 100 miles in 4hours 27min 4 1-5sec. At 102 miles Shorland was 5min inside record.

At the expiration of the twelfth hour the numbers had thinned considerably. During the night M'Nish retired at 65 miles. Nixon, with 132; Chambers, 138; Carlisle, 166; Bidlake, 200; Knight, 204; and Wridgway, 220. Shorland, at half-time, had covered 248 miles 1,006 yards, just behind the French record; Fontaine, 243 miles 100 yards; Horton, 241 miles 250 yards; Petersen, 231 miles 878 yards; Ilsley, 231 miles 252 yards; Chapple, 229 miles; Clark and Buckley, 228 miles; Pellant, 215 miles; Field, 210 miles; and Sames, 199 miles. Chapple and Horton were riding strongest after the leader, who at nine o'clock (thirteenth hour) was nearly a mile ahead of the French record with 267 miles 1,700 yards. Fontaine gave up, very much exhausted, shortly before one o'clock, having covered 304 miles, and Horton, who looked fairly fresh, retired in the same hour, with 303 miles. Buckley held out until the twenty-first hour, when he gave up with 369 miles to his credit, Pellant and Sames having meanwhile retired with 215 and 221 miles respectively. Early in the afternoon, having covered over 340 miles, Shorland had a bad time; but a short rest freshened him up, and he went strongly, as also did Petersen and Chapple. Four hundred miles were completed by the leader, amid cheers, in 20 hours 42min 55sec. From the nineteenth hour Huret, the French rider, assisted Shorland to break his own record by pacing him on a tandem with the American, Wheeler. At the end of the twenty-third hour the leaders were Shorland, 440 miles; Petersen, 415 miles; and Chapple, 410 miles. Commencing the twenty-fourth hour Shorland began to increase the speed, Huret and Wheeler still pacing. It was estimated that about 20,000 people were present and the excitement was intense as Shorland went just ahead of Huret's figures. The other riders also quickened their pace.

Huret's record was passed amid tremendous cheering, and Shorland pushed on to such effect that he succeeded in adding over three miles, with the total of 460 miles 1,296 yards. Petersen was second with 431 miles 993 yards; Chapple third, 427 miles 504 yards; Clark fourth, 423 miles 1,600 yards; Ilsley, who spurted away by himself during the last five minutes, 406 miles 1,008 yards; and Field, 360 miles 126 yards.

* * *

Golfers were out in fairly large numbers on July 28. Principal results:—Royal Wimbledon Cup—There were forty-one competitors for the Monthly Handicap Challenge Medal, which was tried for by Messrs. E. Field (88 less 4), A. F. Brow (96 less 12), and J. Macfarlane (102 less 18), all 84 nett. Royal Eastbourne Club—Monthly Medal, Mr. J. H. Shaw, 85 less 11 equal 74. Royal West Norfolk Club—Monthly Medal, Mr. J. L. Clarke, 96 less 12 equal 84, winner. Willesden Club—Monthly Medal, Mr. E. F. Currie, 83 less 5 equal 78. Redhill and Reigate Club — Silver Iron Competition, Mr. O. C. Bevan, 89 less 8 equal 81. Cinque Ports Club—Monthly Medal, Messrs. Roger Leigh and E. F. Noel tied with 90 net each. West Herts Club—Winners of "Bogey" competitions: Handicaps of 12 and under, Mr. O. W. F. Hill, 1 up; Handicaps exceeding 12, Mr. C. Davis, 3 down. Grimshaw Club — Final Competition: Captain Nicholls beat Mr. F. J. Alexander, by 8 up and 7 to play, after the first-named had beaten Dr. Hake and the last-named Mr. W. Walker in their respective heats. Warwickshire Club—Monthly competition for Club Cup, Rev. A. P. Dodd, 91 less 12 equal 79.

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At Liverpool, on July 28, George Glover, a bookmaker, of Leeds, was sent to gaol for a month for assaulting an engineer who demanded money won over Son of a Gun in the Liverpool Cup on July 25. It was stated that prisoner, like other bookmakers, sustained heavy losses, and instead of paying his clients after the races, as promised, he went for the railway station, and when stopped by the prosecutor hit him on the head with a hammer.

## MEMOIRS OF DAN MENDOZA.

No pugilist of the Hebrew persuasion ever attained the notoriety, or made such a success of his profession, as did Dan Mendoza. He possessed a style far different than that of any other ring champion of the eighteenth century, and as far as can be ascertained it was substantial and complete, so that whenever Mendoza failed in the promulgation of its effects, it proceeded more from a physical cause than from the insufficiency of his attainments. Where science and strength were opposed to his dexterous efforts, he availed himself of his genius and bottom, and was not wanting either in intrepidity and bravery, and lost no time in combating the mighty prowess with which he has so often been assailed.

He contended with heroes of the first class, and success crowned most of his daring attempts; in all his battles he proved himself not wanting, though several times defeated. His "milling" with Richard Humphries was of the first order, and, as his skill was entitled to praise, his humanity displayed a brighter and more lasting claim to remembrance. In his contest with Bill Warr his excellence was so superior that it was like a diamond in contact with paste contending for brilliancy or value. The scientific Warr—who knew the game thoroughly, from his perfect manœuvres of shifting and dropping from the prowess of his antagonist when necessary—with Mendoza was put to a standstill. The perfections of the master stared him so strongly in the face that the impression proved too weighty upon his mind, particularly in the second contest, that he stood no chance, and his inferiority was glaring. Mendoza, in his trial of skill with Mr. Joon, otherwise Gentleman Jackson, had to encounter serious difficulties, and the attempt was indeed bold; though he had to surrender to Jackson he was by no means disgraced, but displayed a deal of temerity in entering the lists with so formidable a character.

Viewing Dan as a teacher of the art of self-defence, it might be said he was without an equal, and turned out some excellent pupils.

Martin, a butcher, from Bath, entered the lists with Mendoza, on Barnet racecourse, April 17, 1787, and the subject of our sketch exhibited such excellence that the butcher proved a mere chopping block, and found solace in defeat. Mendoza, in fighting Humphries at Odiham, lost the triumph, but felt confident of success in the event of another attempt, which took place at Stilton, on May 6, 1789, in a Mr. Thornton's Park. To accommodate the spectators, a building was erected enclosing a space of forty-eight feet in circumference, with seats like a gallery, raised one above another, capable of holding nearly 3,000 spectators, where every person could see without interruption. Humphries was attended by Tom Johnson, with Butcher as bottle-holder, and Harvey Christian Coombe, Esq., as umpire. Mendoza was cared for by Captain Brown, with Sir Thomas Apreece as an umpire. According to the agreement the seconds retired to separate corners on the setting-to of the combatants. The moment became interesting, and anxiety was upon the utmost stretch, opinions having altered somewhat since their previous combat, making the result of the issue extremely doubtful. Humphries appeared strong and elegant in his position, and endeavoured to put in a facer, but Dan, on the alert, stopped it with great neatness and returned a sharp blow that floored his opponent. Mendoza, elated with the attempt, concluded the second and third rounds in the same style. It soon became evident that the Jew possessed considerable confidence in his own powers, and although the game was alternate in several rounds for upwards of half an hour, the shy up was upon the side of Mendoza. The science of the latter made a strong impression upon the spectators by his neat manner of stopping the blows upon his arm, and giving the return so instantaneously as to bring his adversary down; and even in point of throwing, Mendoza possessed the advantage. In the twenty-second round the articles (which specified particularly that if either of the combatants fell without a blow, he should lose the battle) were violated by Humphries falling without a blow; upon which circumstance a complete uproar ensued, and nothing was to be heard but the cries of "foul!" "foul!" Dan's friends insisting that he had won the battle. Upon the other side it was as obstinately contended that the blow was fair, inasmuch that Humphries had stopped it before he fell. Tom Johnson was particularly positive as to the fact, though Dan's umpire declared it to be a foul. An appeal was then made to Mr. Coombe, who declined to decide upon the case. The fracas was beyond all description, and Mendoza, considering that an unfavourable impression might go abroad against him in refusing to continue or consenting to a draw, gave Humphries' faction the benefit of the doubt. Upon resuming Dan showed off in good style, and went in with a most determined spirit, finishing the round by knocking Humphries down. In the next he repeated the dose, and continued, during the remainder of the fight, to have the advantage. After thirty minutes had elapsed, Humphries, either from accident or design, committed the same error, in falling without a blow. Mendoza had put in some tremendous hits, and, in following them up, Humphries retreated and fell. Dan was thereupon awarded the fight.

The pugilistic world not satisfied with the issue of the combat, it was deemed expedient to set the matter to rights by a third battle, which took place at Doncaster Sept. 29, 1790, on which occasion Dan again proved the conqueror.

Bill Warr was matched against Mendoza to fight at Stoken Church, Oxfordshire, June 22, 1791, but from a threatened visit from the magistrates, it was agreed the contest should stand over till the ensuing September, and be decided at Doncaster, when it was again put off till May 17, 1792, for Smitham-Bottom, near Croydon. The combatants mounted the stage at two o'clock in the afternoon, and were greeted with liberal applause. Dan had Tom Johnson as his second, and Harvey Aston, Esq., as umpire, while Warr was looked after by Joe Ward and Jackson, and as umpire he chose Mr. Watson. At the commencement the odds were considerably in favour of Warr, and much was expected from him. For the first eight rounds of the battle he was an object of attraction, and dealt out some tremendous blows, particularly in the fourteenth round. He gave Mendoza a terrible hit upon the jaw that knocked the Jew off his legs like a shuttlecock, and he went down with uncommon violence. Warr's friends were now in high spirits, and the odds on him increased, because it was thought that Dan had received a sickener, but his game brought him about, and he went in with a most determined resolution, and gave Warr a knock-down blow. The superiority of Mendoza now became manifest; Warr perceived he was in the hands of his master, and the spectators immediately altered their opinions. Mendoza floored his antagonist every round, though, notwithstanding, Warr put in some good hits. In the twenty-third round the combatants closed—Warr was completely exhausted, and upon Mendoza falling on him he reluctantly gave in. This contest established Dan's fame, and his scientific excellence was generally acknowledged.

Bill Warr thought that in another trial he might regain his laurels, and accordingly a match was made, to take place in January, 1794, contiguous to Hounslow, but the Magistrates interfering, it was postponed till the 12th of November following, when it was decided upon Bexley Common. The set-to was good, and Warr seemed to feel as though he would be able to accomplish his wish, because in the first rounds his apponent fell before him; whether Mendoza permitted him to take a lead that it might influence the betting and then exhibit his great superiority afterwards, or that Dan could not resist the efforts of his antagonist, could not be ascertained, but it was evident that he treated all the attempts of Warr with the most perfect *sang-froid*, stopped the hits of his opponent with great neatness and ease, and returned such tremendous blows that Warr was disposed of in the short space of fifteen minutes! In the above contest, Warr, who had hitherto been looked upon as a hero, was rendered so insignificant, by comparison, that to appear little better than a mere tyro. Mendoza's confidence completely over-awed him, and it was visible that he laboured under its depressing effects throughout the fight.

Mendoza was defeated by Mr. Joon, otherwise known as Gentleman Jackson, at Hornchurch, April 15, 1795, which preyed so much upon his feelings that seven years had elapsed before he entered the lists again, and then he burst forth with uncommon fury, over a challenge from Jem Belcher, which, however, he refused, declaring that Jackson was the man he should fight. A match was finally made with Harry Lee, who was well known as an excellent sparrer, but had never publicly entered the lists, odds were therefore 3 to 1 on Mendoza. They met on March 21, 1806, at Grimstead Green, a short distance beyond Bromley in Kent. Fifty guineas were staked on the result. Bill Warr and Bill Gibbons attended upon Dan, and Lee was handled by Harry Pearce, the Game Chicken, and John Gully. The battle proved to be a protracted one, and Lee made a remarkably good display for one hour and ten minutes before he gave in.

Mendoza was the most finished pugilist of his time, and won upwards of thirty pitched battles, and it was generally admitted that he gave more lessons in the manly art than any other professor in the kingdom during the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century. He conducted boxing rooms, and resided in a building adjoining the Eagle Tavern, City Road, and outside of the door he had hung up a sign bearing the following inscription:—

THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE
TAUGHT HERE BY THE ORIGINAL
DAN MENDOZA,
WHO FIRST REDUCED BOXING TO
A SCIENCE.

BACK of the scenes where we retreat,
That's where we take a seat;
Figuring on mugs we have in store,
To buy us cigarettes and wine galore;
Our legs attract and are the go,
And bring new mugs to every show;
We wish you to bear in mind,
We're not two of the marrying kind.
A pleasure in this world of strife.
Is to read alone THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

## LIBERAL DONATIONS FOR CHARITY.

**Racecourse Patrons who Freely Parted with Money to Sisters of Charity.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE most liberal class of people known, and those who don't realise the value of money when in luck, are the patrons of the racecourse. This was best exemplified in France recently when two sisters of charity appeared close to the course seeking donations. The pair, who live only for the good of others, were made supremely happy for a liberal flow of bank notes by those whom they pleaded to in the aid of charity.

## WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

**A New Zealand Girl who Insisted on Cash in Advance before Marrying.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

ADVICES from Dunedin, New Zealand, are to the effect that a marriage ceremony was solemnised in a greengrocer's. The bride, standing upon a pair of scales, had herself weighed, and before she would permit the clergyman to perform the service she compelled the bridegroom to hand her bank notes of sufficient value to offset the weight in gold. She would accept no promise, but declared that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and if she was not worth her weight in gold she would remain single.

## HE PADDED HIS LEGS.

**A Cyclist who utilised Sawdust in Increasing the Size of his Legs.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

CYCLISTS are a vain lot, and proud of a finely shaped leg, and those who are not endowed with good-sized ones frequently wear sufficient clothing beneath the costume to make a presentable appearance. In a town in Yorkshire a young man has been the admiration of the fair sex for well-shaped legs, and it was not until the other day that an exposure was brought about which has caused him to retire from using the wheel. He was conversing with a young lady when a pet terrier bounded up and grabbed him by first one calf and then the other, leaving large rents in the stockings. Sawdust sufficient to stuff a good-sized doll dropped into his tracks, and, mounting the wheel, he made off in haste for home. The secret has leaked out, and when appearing upon the streets he is held up to ridicule by even his closest friends.

## HEN FRUIT FOR A FLIRT.

**A Village Siren Pelted with Eggs for Having Lax Virtuous Principles.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

TAKE a small town and let a girl possess lax moral principles, and it is soon the cause of common gossip. In a place not many miles from Bath there resides a siren who has more followers than she can enumerate on the fingers of both hands. So long as she mingled with the fast set of young men little notice was taken of her carryings-on, but seeking more extensive fields, she cast alluring glances upon several married men. It terminated in their wives banding together, well laden with eggs, and pelting the obnoxious individual till their supply was exhausted. The episode has created a lot of gossip, and the siren is not now so persistent in parading the prominent thoroughfares.

## DOGS BETTER TREATED THAN CHILDREN.

**Household Pets and the Manner in which they are Cared For.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

IN speaking of ill-treatment some people often remark they are used worse than dogs. Such might be applied to children truthfully, because nothing drawing the breath of life is so well cared for as a pet dog. Women don't confine themselves to the terrier, poodle, or pug, but frequently go to extremes by fondling the burly mastiff. In some cases nurses are retained to guard the pets of the household, and when bathed they are sprayed with costly and delicate perfume. There are hospitals where dogs are treated for illness, and likewise establishments where the hair is clipped to beautify the pets' appearance. Let one of them die and as much pomp is created as would be over a human being. Our full-page illustration gives a fair idea as to the extremes women go to in the pet dog craze.

## GEORGE FULLER.

**An All-round Athlete, and Sound Sportsman.**

*(With Portrait.)*

A LEGION of friends testify that George Fuller is the prince of good fellows. During his travels with his wife (Miss Katie Lawrence), he has made himself immensely popular amongst sportsmen. He comes of a famous athletic stock, and can hold his own on the running path and in the boxing arena. He is an excellent judge of a boxer, a runner, or a dog, and is an enthusiast on sport in general. As a "hustler" for charity sports, George would take a lot of beating, and many of these reunions owe a lot of their success to his hard working. He possesses a big budget of stories of his experiences at the ring side, on the racecourse, the path and river, and at the rat-pit. Naturally his friends in Birmingham think a lot of him, and the Brums look forward to his visits with a large amount of pleasure. Mr. Fuller is also a representative of Messrs. George Ware and Co., the dramatic agents, and has booked a lot of good "turns" for music halls.

## KATIE LAWRENCE.

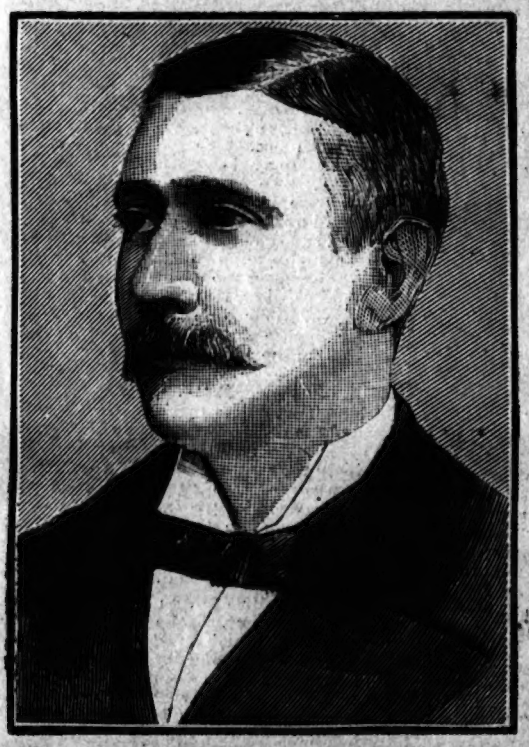
**A Lady Artiste Whose Singing and Dancing Have Gained for Her a World-wide Popularity.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Of the many lady artistes now gracing the variety stage, few have obtained the prominence and popularity enjoyed by Miss Katie Lawrence. Her reputation as an entertainer has not been gained in this country alone. The Australian and American public have fully endorsed the opinion expressed by the critics in Great Britain. London and the provinces unite in according this charming little lady a high position amongst the constellations of the music-halls. Her services in pantomimes are greatly in demand, and she has figured with immense success in several of the annuals in the chief provincial theatres. She scored a decided "hit" in the pantomime of "Sinbad," at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, during the season 1891-2, and secured the coveted "owl" cake for talent. In order to gain this cake the artiste has to obtain the largest number of votes from frequenters of the pantomimes. Miss Lawrence was a long way ahead of any other participant in the two powerful annuals then running in the city. The talent engaged at both the local theatres during that season was unusually strong, therefore the success of Miss Lawrence was highly meritorious. Katie is the original "Daisy Bell," which about a year ago was the favourite air of the day throughout the English speaking community. Amongst her other successes are "Oh, Ta-ra-ra," "Mary was a Farmer's Daughter," "Oh, my Bonnet," "They are the best friends of all," &c. The subject of this notice and her husband, Mr. George Fuller, have legions of friends in England, Australia, and the States.

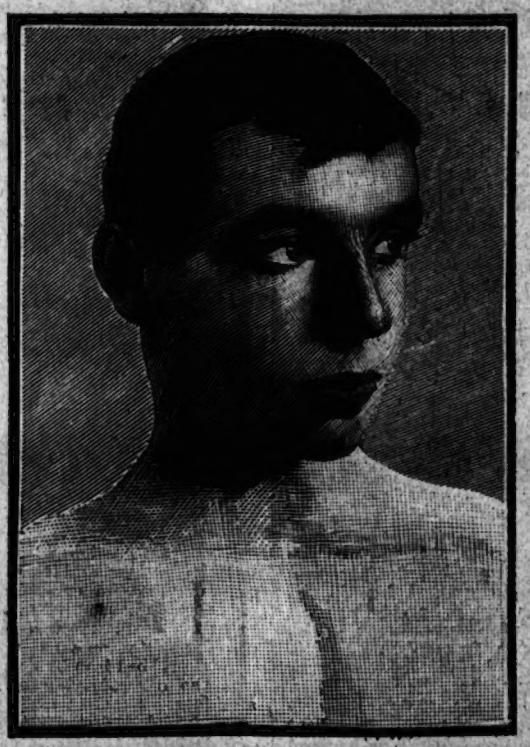
OUTWITTED THE MANAGER.

**How a Siren of the Footlights and her Admirer Escaped the Vigilant Eye of the Manager.**



GEORGE FULLER.

**An All-round Athlete and Sound Sportsman.**

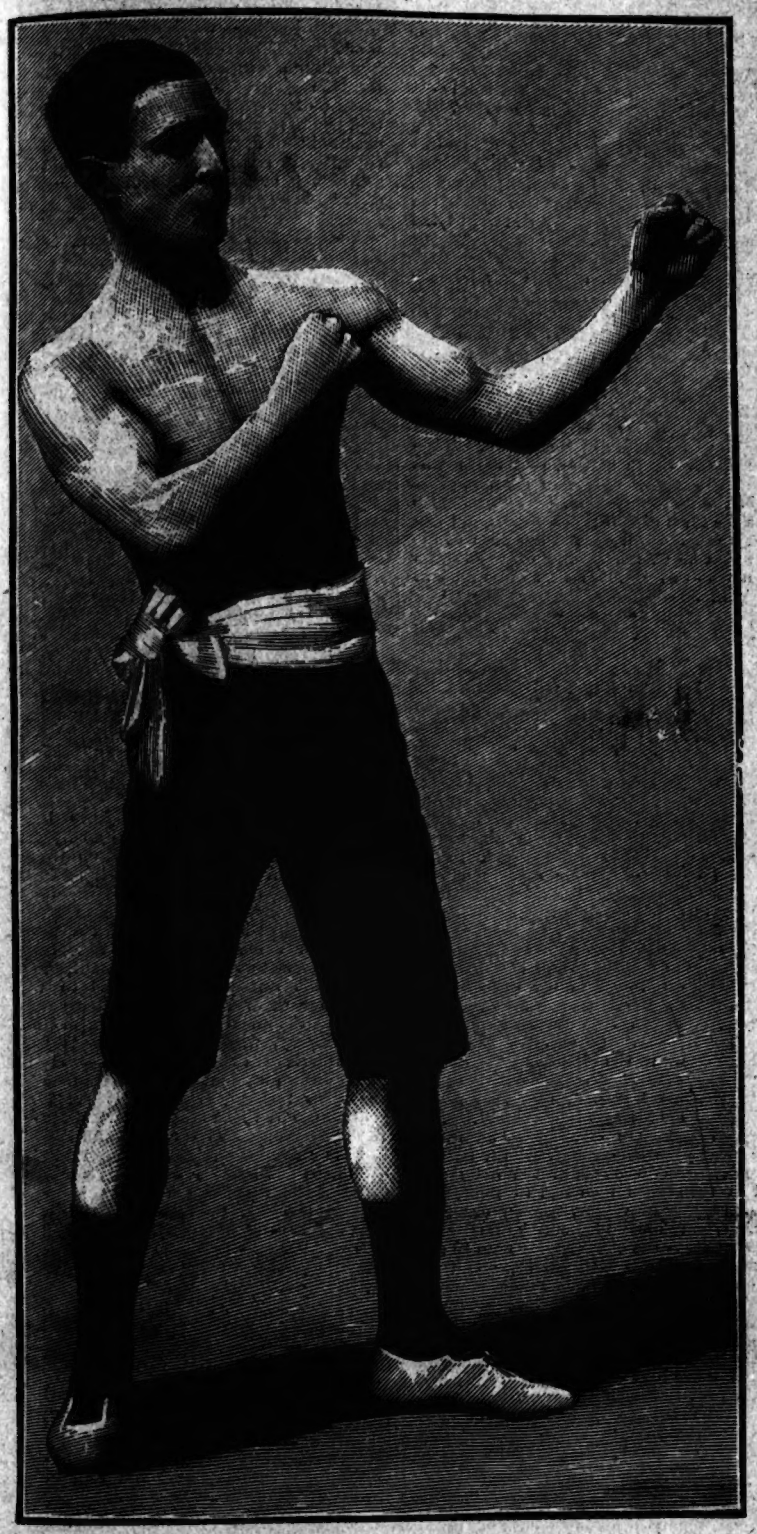


YOUNG TED NAPPER.

**A Clever Boxer who comes from Fighting Stock.**

JAMES NEWTON.

**Champion Rapid Shaver of the West of England.**

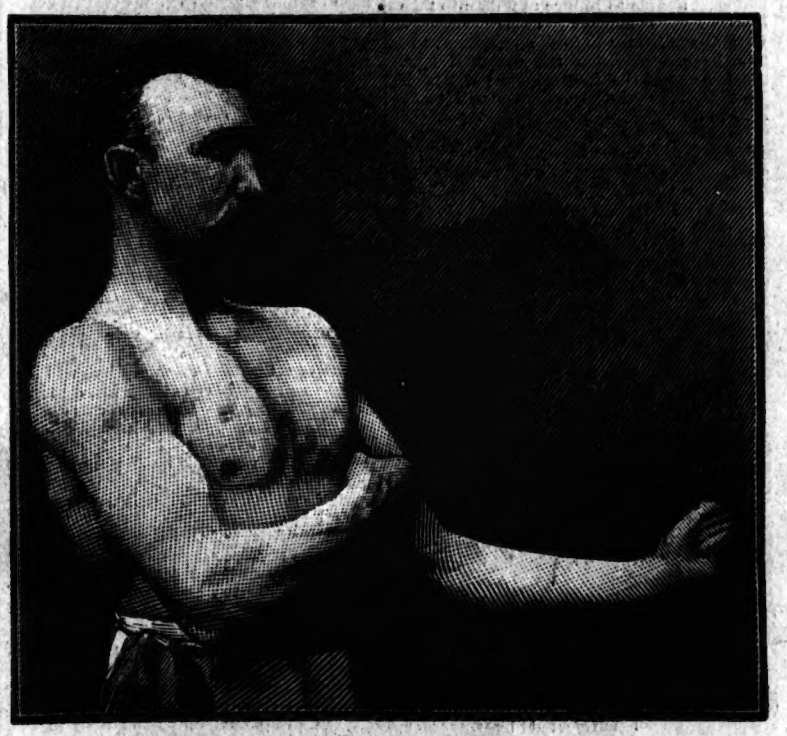


GEORGE JOHNSON.

**A London Pugilist who Challenges the World from 8st. 10lb. to 9st.**

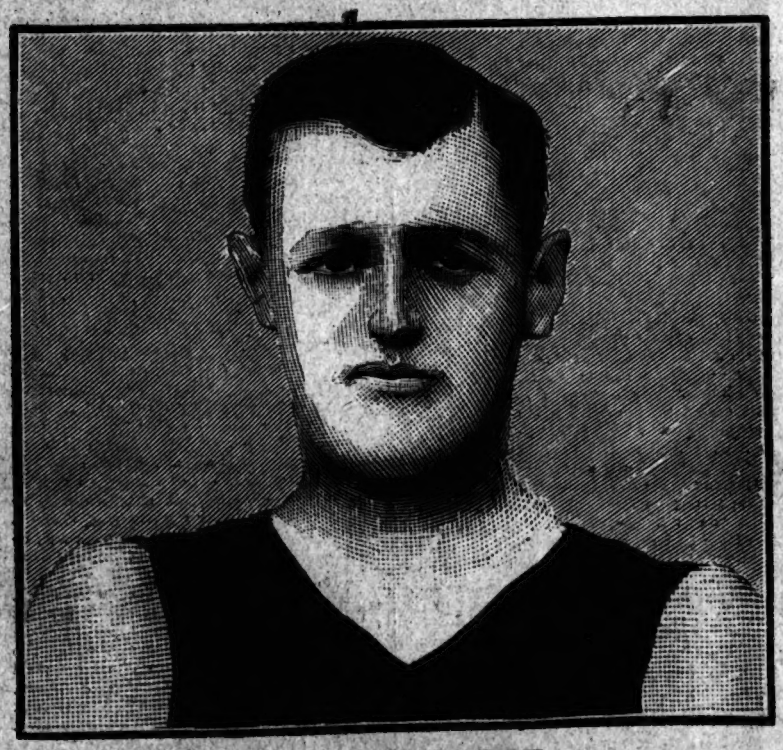
KATIE LAWRENCE.

**Lady Artiste whose Singing and Dancing have Gained for her a World-wide Popularity.**



MIKE DONOVAN.

**America's Premier Boxing Instructor.**



WILLIAM ANDRE.

**A Trapeze Artist who is Proficient at High Diving.**

JAMES FINNEY.

**England's Expert Swimmer.**

# AROUND THE RING.

## INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

## O'BRIEN TO MEET CRAIG.

## The Middle-Weight Honours in Dispute.

## The Coffee-Cooler to Come Here in September.

## Old Time Yankee Pugilists Invade London.

## Our Champions and Who They Are.

*(With Portrait.)*

The sporting men in this country have for some time been longing for an international contest, to be decided in London, and though the National Sporting Club has repeatedly made offers of liberal purses for such an encounter, some obstacle has invariably cropped up which prevented making an international affair a fixture. We are sadly in need of a heavy-weight to represent us, but in the middle-weight division we can boast of Johnny O'Brien, of Cardiff, and Ted Pritchard, who are real good fighting men. An effort has been made to bring the pair together, but without success, because Pritchard at present is making a book on the races, and declined to entertain any proposition for a battle till the end of the present year. That left O'Brien in the field practically alone, and though he has issued several challenges, he has been unable to induce any man to take him on. He seriously contemplated a visit to the States to find a customer, but now he can abandon the proposed trip, because one of the best middle weights on the other side of the Atlantic will come here to do battle.

* * *

Mike Donovan, the retired middle-weight champion of America, who is instructor of boxing to the New York Athletic Club, arrived in London, Thursday, July 26, and the first call he made was at The Mirror of Life office, at 108, Fleet Street. We were fully aware of the fact that Mike acted as a friend and adviser to Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and in course of conversation we suggested that he should consent to matching Craig against O'Brien. Mr. John Fleming, the popular manager of the National Sporting Club, was immediately interviewed on the subject, and that gentleman, realising there would be a vast amount of interest in such a battle, suggested giving a purse of £150, the match to occur in October. Mr. Donovan, desirous of getting on a fight for the black fellow, agreed to communicate with Craig at once and urge him to accept. Mr. John Fleming will notify O'Brien, and soon as the Cooler reaches this country he will meet O'Brien at The Mirror of Life office, when articles will be signed for a contest of twenty rounds, to take place at the National Sporting Club the latter part of October. The men to be restricted to 11st 4lb each in weight. The subject of stake-money was mentioned, and Donovan assured us that the Coffee Cooler would come here well supported by financial friends, so a side wager will also be pending upon the "mill."

* * *

Mr. Donovan is the premier boxing instructor of America. He was born in Chicago of Irish parents forty-seven years ago, In 1866, he made his debut as a pugilist, meeting Bill Crowley in battle with the raw 'uns at St. Louis. After milling for three hours and 15min, during which time 92 rounds were contested, Donovan was declared the loser on a foul. In July of the same year he disposed of Mike Connors in 62 rounds, occupying 2hours 9min, London rules. His other contests were as follows:—Beat Patsey Curtin, 5 rounds, St. Louis; beat Jim Conroy, a heavy-weight, Memphis, Tennessee; beat Pat McDermott, 4 rounds, Chicago, 1867; beat Dan Carr, 1 round, Chicago; beat Pat Kelly, 7 rounds, Grand Haven, Michigan, 1868; beat John Boyne, 23 rounds, Indianopolis January, 1869; beat Jack Curtin, 2 rounds, New York, City; beat Fiddler Neary, 3 rounds; beat Jack Lawrence, 2 rounds; beat Byron McNeill, 3 rounds; fought 44 round draw with Jim Murry, police interfering; beat Dick Liston, 5 rounds; beaten by W. C. McClellan, 14 rounds on a foul; beat McClellan, 7 rounds; beat Billy Costello, 2 rounds; beat George Crockett, 2 rounds; draw of 96 rounds with McClellan; beat George Smith, 3 rounds; beat George Rooke, brother of Jack Rooke, of Manchester, 3 rounds; beat Jack Welch, 4 rounds; beat Walter Watson, of London, 7 rounds; draw with Jack E. Dempsey; beat McClellan, 1 round, 48 seconds, New York City, May 4, 1891.

* * *

Donovan has brought many good men to the front ranks, being one of the first men to discern the merits of John L. Sullivan, whom he coached for several years in glove contests. He was adviser to Kilrain, and also James J. Corbett. The last-named must give Donovan credit for bringing about the fight with Sullivan, McCaffrey, and many of the contests that built up his reputation as a champion.

* * *

James J. Corbett sailed from Queenstown for New York City July 26, in the *Majestic*. He claims that he returns upon the urgent request of his backer, in order to ratify a match with Peter Jackson. Had Corbett's exhibition been profitable he would have found it convenient to have ignored the black for an indefinite length of time.

* * *

"Real good fighting men are scarce in England just now," writes a well-known ring follower, "but we can boast of five who can beat the world at even weight. You can start first with Pedlar Palmer, who is not only an aggressive fighter, but one of the cleverest lads that ever stepped into a twenty-foot ring. At 7st 6lb he is the boss of them all, and if some first-class foreigners come here in the autumn, he will undoubtedly whip them in short order. Take 7st 12lb, and Billy Plimmer would uphold the honours of the English division. His stay in the States should have improved him to a great extent, if not in science, at least in experience. Willie Smith stands pre-eminent in his class as an 8st 2lb champion, and would take a lot of beating even with those three pounds above his weight. He will find it a difficult matter to get a great many customers, at least, with home talent, and any Yankee coming here is sure to meet with defeat.

"Take the 8st 10lb class, and you will find George Johnson at the top. Fred Johnson is a clever lad, but he is no match for his brother, who is good enough to give away at least 4lb to any man that lives to-day. George Dixon is no doubt a champion in his own country, but George Johnson can whip a dozen like him when he is fit and well. For the light-weight division I should select Arthur Valentine, who is a much improved lad, and it would take a champion to as much as land an effective blow on him. Any of the four I have mentioned are good enough to fight all comers, white or black, at even weight, or could concede a pound or two and then win. I should place Dick Burge in the champion class, providing he were in the field as a pugilist, but as he has retired it would be useless to class him as our 10-stone representative. In his fight with Harry Nickless he proved himself to be one of the cleverest ring generals that ever stood in fighting attitude.

"Harry Spurden is a very good 9st man, but, with an injured arm it is a question how soon he will be able to shy his castor in a ring: besides, he is growing heavier every day, and that, of course, will necessitate his doing battle at a heavier weight. One great trouble with us—we don't appreciate our home talent sufficiently, but are always ready to swallow down any new-comer as a world beater.

Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, is open to the world at 9st 7lb, or even up to 10st, and has good money backing for any match he makes, but plenty of backing don't make a champion. He is an untried quantity, and until he performs I should hardly care to pass judgment. It is certain that he is no counterfeit, because the Scotch people know too much to back a man unless he possesses considerable merit.

"We could develop a good man in the heavy and middle-weight division if there was any inducement held out. Our stock has by no means degenerated, it is merely exhausted for the time being, and a little encouragement would soon bring out champions in every class fit to cope with those in any part of the world. The great trouble with many men in the provinces is they lack the 'nerve' to come forward and enter a claim for championship honours, and in London the public attention is all directed to the little ones, who appear to have the call for all purse offerings during the season. Let the National Sporting Club 'hang up' cash for big men, and by next spring we would have a fighter who would whip all such bombastic champions as Corbett. I hope to see a revival of pugilism in the heavy-weight division shortly.

* * *

**Joe Nolan**

was a man of Johnson's might, and for a tough bit of material none could beat Joe at 8st 10lb. He was born at Birmingham and first came into prominence when he entered the lists with John Robinson, December 6, 1853, for £30. They fought for upwards of an hour, when the police appeared and took Nolan in charge, binding him over to keep the peace for a twelvemonth. On March 23, 1857, in Worcestershire, he disposed of Hibernian Flannery for £20, in 95 rounds, occupying 2hrs 10secs. He next beat Bill Ensor out of the field in 52 rounds, lasting 1hr 7min, near Stratford-upon-Avon, April 20, 1858, and then came to London, being put against George Henley for a trial down the river, and after 30 rounds in as many minutes, Joe came off conqueror, and convinced the London division he was an artist at the game.

* * *

His two victories over Jack Hicks are the battles that gained for him the greatest fame. The first "mill" was decided at Aldershot, March 15, 1859, for £120, and the second on February 7, 1860, for £60 a-side. Dan Thomas, the Welshman, met Joe for £200 a-side, and twenty rounds, occupying 1 hour 30min, were fought in two rings, when the police interfered, and the match was eventually declared off. Nolan had many other battles, and those who knew the man were free in declaring him to be the perfection of a ring fighter. He was the ideal of Bill Richardson, and those who knew old Bill were fully aware of the fact that he was not fond of touching a man who was not the best obtainable at the game.

* * *

Billy Edwards, the New York sport and retired pugilist, has been visiting all the places of interest about London the past week, and contemplates a flying trip to the Continent. When at The Mirror of Life office the other day, he said:—"It is a pleasure for me to visit my native country once more, and I am free to say I have been treated loyally by all the sportsmen. I was born in Birmingham, but reared about six miles from that town. On attaining the age when all young men have a desire to venture forth in the world, I came to London and soon displayed an aptitude for boxing. I engaged in bouts at Owen Swift's, the Fives Court, and several other resorts of those days. Twenty-nine years ago I went to the States to take up my residence, and it was whilst there that I engaged in my most important ring fights. Arthur Chambers, Sam Collyer, and Tim Collins were the most prominent ones I entered the ring with. I won the light-weight championship of America, and held it up to the time I retired, though I never weighed above 8st 10lb in condition. If I had been fighting to-day, I should naturally be classed a feather-weight. All my battles were decided on the turf in the old style, and in the sixties men had to fight, and possess plenty of valour, too, in order to attain championship honours."

"Corbett is the cleverest big man in the world," remarked the visitor, "and he should win in a fight with Peter Jackson or Bob Fitzsimmons. The last-named is no doubt a wonderful man, but he is conceding too much in weight when he takes on Corbett. On public form Jackson is probably the best man in the world; but he is past his prime, and, again, the Americans believe that Corbett is such a vastly improved man that Peter's prospects of victory, to the ideas of the sports, would be rather slim."

* * *

Many of the old time sports will remember Johnny Holden, and those who followed the ring closely twenty years ago, will probably recollect how Edwards drove him from the States; in fact, as clever as Holden was, he couldn't hit Edwards a single blow in a bout they contested. Billy took on Steve Taylor, a heavy-weight, in a glove contest, and, what's more, he bested the big Yankee. His only mistake in life was when he encountered Charley Mitchell in a contest when Mitchell was young and at his best, and Edwards was past forty and completely out of the fistic field. Edwards was by no means knocked out, and it took Charley all his time to best him, and to accomplish that task he resorted to several dodges that could hardly be called fair or sportsmanlike. During the past ten years Edwards has been in the employ of the famous Hoffman House, New York City, to entertain gentlemen who patronise that hostelry and keep them posted upon all matters appertaining to sporting. He is made the custodian of more money in the capacity of stakeholder than any man in the States, and every year about the time of the elections he will be entrusted with close on to £50,000.

* * *

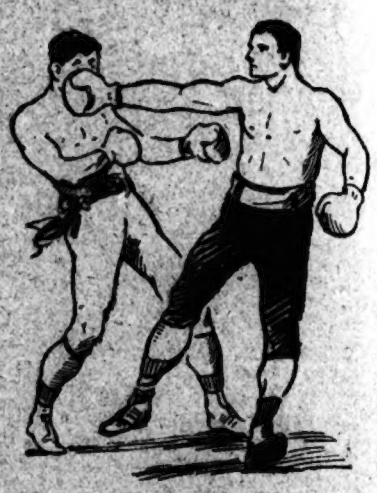
Gentlemen making wagers on elections or sporting events invariably nominate Edwards to hold the cash, because they can then feel assured that when the result is known they can depend upon getting the full amount of money they are entitled to. Edwards always conducts himself as a gentleman, and is the last man in the world a man would pick out as ever having been connected with the ring or its associates. It only goes to verify the claims of many that a man can be a fighter and a gentleman, too.

* * *

After Peter Maher, the Dublin heavy-weight, knocked Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, out of time in Boston, John L. Sullivan jumped into the ring, threw his arms about Peter, and after hugging and caressing the Irishman, he exclaimed, "Peter, you can whip any man in the world outside of me." The pair then adjourned to a public close by, the hall where Sullivan assisted in disposing of several bottles of champagne. When Peter was told how much his treat cost him he declared that it was "damned high-priced cider," and announced his intentions of asking for beer or a bit of the "ould stuff" in the future.

* * *

A blow that is deemed a foul one in the States is what is termed



**The Pivot Blow.**

Many first-class pugilists have been caught napping and put to sleep by the deadly hit, which is never tried on by our men here. As near as can be judged the first man to introduce the hit was Jack McGee, a 10st man, who, upon being closely pushed by a local man in a battle at Boston some eight years ago, tried the delivery as an experiment, and it laid his antagonist out, dead to the world for several moments. George Le Blanche, the marine, brought it off on Jack E. Dempsey, when the last-named was the American champion middle-weight. Sailor Brown brought down several men in the same fashion, and then it got into general use by the smaller men. Referees were not favourably impressed, and it soon became universally accepted as a foul hit. Judgment has not, we believe, been rendered against such a delivery in this country; but it is probable that after it is tried successfully a few times the referees here will bar the blow.

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In order to bring the trick off a man has to be fairly close to his opponent, and he then pivots around on the heel of his right foot, extending the right arm at full length to come in contact with the jaw or neck. It is the outer edge of the right hand that comes in contact with the neck or jaw, and what gives it force is the swing of the body in a circle. When some of the shrewd Yankee scrappers invade our shores in the autumn it is possible they will introduce the hit here.

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When Sullivan declares that Maher can whip any man bar John L. it certainly shows that "Sully" still maintains an exalted opinion of himself, and he must have forgotten the fearful beating he received from Corbett at New Orleans.

* * *

Billy Plimmer was tendered quite a reception when he made his appearance at Overton's Gaiety Music Hall, Oldbury, July 23. He would like to get on a fight in this country, and with a view to bringing about a match he consents to do battle with Willie Smith at 8st 4lb for £500 a-side. Smith, however, declines to entertain any proposition for a fight till after the racing season closes, when he will be prepared to to take on Plimmer, George Dixon, Fred Johnson, or any lad in the world at 8st 6lb for from £200 to £500 a-side, and an added purse.

* * *

Joe Walcott, the coloured pugilist, has deposited £100 in New York City as a forfeit in support of an offer to fight Harry Nickless at 10st at the National Sporting Club in the autumn for a stake of £500 or £1,000 a-side and an added purse. Walcott can fight as low as 9st 7lb, so he practically concedes half a stone in weight when he consents to a battle at 10st. Nickless has expressed a willingness to consummate a match providing Walcott deposits £100 forfeit, when articles will be drafted for the black's signature.

* * *

Mr. T. Webster, of the Brandon Club, 90, Argyle Street, Glasgow, Scotland, has taken excellent large life-size portraits, in ring costume, of Johnny Boyle, the Glasgow light weight, who challenges all England at 9st 7lb; George Johnson, 8st 10lb champion; Ted Pritchard, Cock Robin, Fred Lumley, Lachie Thompson, Mr. Tait, and other noted athletes. Those who are making up a collection of famous men will find the portraits which Mr. Brandon has on sale excellent acquisitions.

Ex-Alderman Mr. James Dunne, famous thirty years ago as a pugilist, and afterward as an expert hand ball player, is in London on a pleasure trip. He called at The Mirror of Life office, July 27, to pay his respects, and in course of conversation he remarked, "I came here first in 1864, with Joe Coburn, who was matched to fight Jem Mace in Ireland for the championship of the world. We sparred in different parts of the Kingdom, and then I returned home. During my stay in London in 1864, I was kindly treated by the sporting fraternity, and frequently visited the Fives Court, Owen Swift's, Harry Orme's, and other noted resorts of that day. My visit here reminds me of rather an amusing incident in connection with Coburn. Jack Parton, a Manchester pugilist, visited the States early in the sixties, and the war breaking out, he felt anxious to get back to England again. At that time they were enlisting men at Castle Garden, and Coburn took Parton down there on the pretence that he would secure him a passage home. Joe was full of fun, and, on reaching Castle Garden, he told Parton to enter and sign the book. The physician would then examine him to ascertain if he was physically able to stand a sea voyage. Parton entered, and after enrolling his name the physician requested him to take the oath requisite to join the American Army. 'What!' says Parton, 'me join your blooming army; not if I know it; I'm not carrying a gun to get my blarsted head shot off.' He left the place in haste, and in the meantime Coburn had disappeared. Parton came over to see me in Brooklyn, and I got up a testimonial for him, and saw that he got safely aboard a boat with some money in his pocket. In 1864, when Coburn and I struck England, we went to Manchester and called upon Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, who then kept a public-house there. Who should be tending bar but Jack Parton, who treated me very kindly. I called his attention to Joe. He looked decidedly surly, and remarked, 'If I had the beggar outside I'd whip his blooming life out of him.' I finally induced them to shake hands and become friends. Coburn was highly amused, but Parton never really forgave him.'

"I'm no stranger here, because I was born in County Kildare, Ireland, Oct. 4, 1842, and when a lad I went to America, settling down in Brooklyn. I was here eight years ago and visited my old home, and I've just come from there now. I shall spend a week or two in Paris, and after a few days in England I'll return home."

Dunne was one of the first-class heavy-weights in his day. He defeated Jimmy Elliott and Bill Davis, and challenged all America in the latter part of 1864, but couldn't get a customer. He retired from the ring, and for many years he was the best hand ball player in the States. H filled the office as an Alderman in the City of Brooklyn, and to-day he holds a prominent position in the city government there. He is respected by all who know him as an honest, upright, and charitable man. Though he takes no active part in sporting he still possesses a desire to occasionally indulge in a game of hand-ball, and any pugilist or athlete in distress always finds a loyal friend in Mr. Dunne.

* * *

James J. Corbett gave an exhibition at Ballinrobe, Ireland, July 23, in aid of the fund for a new chapel, now being built by the Rev. James Corbett, his uncle.

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Harry Spurden, 9st champion, is greatly worried over his right arm, and came to London from Cambridge the other day in order to have it examined by a specialist. Some two months ago he fell, and the right arm at the elbow got injured. Aside from bathing and rubbing the injured limb he paid little heed to it. When the time approached for his fight with Darkey Barton he found the arm practically useless. He, however, whipped Darky with the use of the left hand alone. Since the fight his arm has, if anything, grown worse, and it is doubtful if he will be able to make use of the injured member for some time to come. We regret such an unfortunate thing should happen to such a civil and unassuming fellow, who, when he is in fettle, is good enough to meet any man in the world at even-weight. We hope for a speedy recovery. Ill luck appears to run in the Spurden family just now, because, whilst the champion is suffering from his arm, his brother George, a game and determined boxer, is quite ill, and requires constant medical advice.

* * *

Jem Mace, the old veteran, will visit the States in the autumn, and, previous to his departure, he will be tendered a testimonial, which is set down for August 13. The talent have volunteered for the occasion, and the affair should be a success. The old 'un looks well, and declares that on reaching the States he will seek a glove encounter of ten rounds with his old adversary Tom Allen, of St. Louis. Though Jim is sixty-four years of age, he boasts of being the happy father of a bouncing boy ten weeks old.

* * *

Jack Maloney, 6st 10lb champion, will not entertain a proposition to fight till after the flat racing season closes, then he will take on any man in the world at even weight for £100 a-side.

* * *

Dick Burge, the 10st champion, and Ted Pritchard, middle-weight pugilist, are talking of a ten-round contest in public for gate receipts.

* * *

Joe Steers, retired champion amateur heavy-weight, blossoms forth as a life saver, having prevented a man from a watery grave in the Thames the other day

* * *

Con Donovan promoted a series of contests in private July 26. In a six round battle Alf Holden proved himself superior in science to Alf Garrett, and received the verdict. George Johnson, of Walworth, and Tom Phillips engaged in an eight round mill, and at the end of the last round Johnson's advantage was so apparent that the judges gave him the verdict. Con Barrett and Patsy Sullivan were announced for a twelve round contest. Sullivan opened with a straight punch on the stomach, and hardly a moment afterwards the couple were in the throes of a very heavy rally, Sullivan having the best of it. Barrett, who considerably stultifies his height by a somewhat cramped stand, in the second round proved the aggressor for the first minute, but Sullivan getting a nasty punch home on the jaw followed up the assault with such a succession of punches that he floored his man, who fell through the ropes. Struggling up, Con became receiver-general, and was knocked down again just as time was called. Resuming, Con came up groggy, and Sullivan seeing the state of his opponent set to work with both gloves, and severely pasting the face brought about a submission on the part of Barrett, who cried enough in the few seconds of the third round.

* * *

Alec Garritty and George Wills, local lads, fought ten rounds at catch-weight at Paddy Gill's rooms in Liverpool, July 24, for £10 a-side and a purse of £15. In the second round Wills got home a straight punch on Garritty's nose, causing the claret to flow freely, and subsequently Wills paid marked attention to his opponent's damaged proboscis. Up to the sixth round Garritty mostly played for the body, but his blows lacked the force of his adversary's. The fast work, however, took a lot out of the pair, and the seventh and eighth rounds were very tame. In the last two rounds Wills set to work in merry fashion, and bustling Garritty all over the ring, soon placed the issue beyond doubt, and at the finish obtained the award.

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Dick Moore, who was recently beaten by Dan Creedon, and Jack Powers fought a six-round draw at St. John's, New Brunswick, July 23.

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George Baxter, conducted a successful boxing entertainment at the Red Cross, Bethnal Green, July 23, when W. Smith fought Jim Soudd to a standstill in six rounds.

* * *

Ted Napper, of Shoreditch, son of the veteran of the same name, who acquitted himself so brilliantly in the prize ring, will be tendered a testimonial at the Victory, Eastfield Street, Stepney, August 20. The programme will include an 8st 6lb competition, an eight-round contest between H. Paul and J. Christon, and a four-round battle between Bert Smith, of Edmonton, and Barney Scannell.

* * *

James Lewis and C. Beadling are matched to box the best of twenty rounds at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on September 8 or 10, for £25 a-side.

* * *

Pat Scully and Miles Keogh, local celebrities, fought to a finish for £180, at the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, July 21. Keogh is the better known man of the pair, having defeated Tom Lynch and O'Mahony, of Tralee. They met at catch-weights, but Scully possessed whatever advantage there was in the matter of height. After twenty-seven rounds Scully was decared the winner, and subsequently the stakes and purse were paid over at *Sport* office. Mr. P. B. Kelly officiated as referee, and Mr. J. Dixon Gibbs held the watch.

* * *

Jack Marney was awarded the decision over Albert Smith in a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, the other night.

At the Bermondsey School of Arms, July 21, two competitions were brought to a decision. Dan Morris, of Hatcham, and Bill Howe, of Rotherithe, were opponents in the 6st 6lb event, and it wound up in the first round, Morris performing his work in such clever style, that Howe wisely gave in. In a 7st Novices' competition, E. Smith disposed of Bill Adams in the final bout.

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The Lambeth School of Arms was the scene of action, July 21, of a series of glove contests. Nobby Proctor and W. Moss faced each other to do a dozen rounds, but Nobby gave his adversary so much medicine from the very start that Moss was satisfied to cry quits after receiving a knock-down blow in the fourth round. Tim Sullivan set out to box Dave Bourke eight rounds, and they both went at it in a determined manner. Tim found he had run up against a pretty hard game, and just before the conclusion of the seventh round he held out his hand as a token of defeat.

* * *

The Peckham sports were treated to a ten-round contest at Hollier's Gymnasium July 23, when George Boyns and Bill Heallis done battle for fame and fortune. The intentions of the latter were good enough, but he failed to display the stamina requisite to carry him through. He started in to make matters lively, landing several blows on the "dial." Boyns finally took a hand at the game and, planting in a swinging right, he brought his antagonist to grief. Heallis might have continued, but a sample of the medicine in store for him appeased his appetite for fighting.

* * *

At the Lambeth School of Arms, July 28, in an eight-round contest, Albert Panter, of Kennington, defeated Sailor Hume, of Southwark; Alf Johnson, of Lambeth, disposed of Bill Watson, of Southwark, in three rounds, and Brightman, of Westminster, beat Illidge, Lambeth, in six rounds.

* * *

H. Ware disposed of Mike Casey in the fourth round of a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, July 28.

* * *

Billy Murphy, the Australian feather-weight, who has been in the States for some time, wants to get on a fight here at 8st 6lb. and providing he is successful he will then proceed on his journey to South Africa.

* * *

Denny Butler, one of the best swimmers in America, and a very clever 10st pugilist, will accompany Frank Craig the Coffee Cooler, to this country and look after his interests.

* * *

Manager John Fleming has already started to frame up the programme for his first four meetings at the National Sporting Club, and judging from the men he has in view some interesting contests will occur.

* * *

It is reported that Billy Moore, the clever Kingsland pugilist, has recovered the £95 he was entitled to in his encounter with George Corfield, at Sheffield. The gentleman who paid the sum over to Billy was in no way responsible for Moore's failure to receive what he was entitled, and the contest has cost him, inclusive of wagers he made on the result, over £500. It is rather hard on a sportsman to lose money and then be requested to repair the wrongs done by others.

* * *

Next week we shall publish a portrait of John Boyle, the Glasgow pugilist, who challenges the world at 9st 7lb to 10st. Boyle does not boast of a great ring record, but modestly says that good money backing talks, and he bars neither creed nor colour.

* * *

Another international contest is talked of, and will probably be arranged in course of a week. Craig's coming to this country will infuse considerable interest in boxing, because he proposes fighting, and no show business.

* * *

"Parson" Davies has arranged a limited-round contest between Joe Choynski and Steve O'Donnell, the clever Australian heavy-weight, to take place in Chicago on August 14. Both men are in training.

* * *

Peter Maher, the Irish Giant, has promised John L. Sullivan that he will never again enter the ring with a coloured man.

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Doctor: "It's merely a case of dyspepsia, ma'am."

Wife: "And what does that come from?"

Doctor: "It comes from the Greek, ma'am."

Wife: "Ah, I thought he'd been getting at something. He was all right as long as he stuck to beer."

* * *

If a man is very humble in the presence of his master shun him. He will be a perfect bully to those under him.

* * *

If a woman is very particular about the colour of her stockings it's a moral she expects others besides herself to see them.

## YOUNG TED NAPPER.

**A Clever Boxer, who Comes from Real Fighting Stock.**

*(With Portrait.)*

This promising young light-weight was born in London nineteen years ago, having been from his earliest infancy surrounded by examples of the noble art, it is not surprising that his abilities were recognised at a very early stage. He has figured with more or less success in various affairs, the first of note being with Charley Duck, of Shoreditch, whom he defeated in seven rounds, and at the Five Inkhorns he placed a 7st 12lb competition to his credit. Later he again essayed at 8st 4lb at the same establishment and was returned the winner, disposing of some good lads. He then fought a draw with Alf Pennington, of Mile End; defeated Alf. Gunn in eight rounds, and stayed with Dick Sawyer seventeen rounds. He will be tendered a benefit on Monday, August 20, at the Victory, Eastfield, Stepney, which mine host, W. Higgins, has kindly placed at his disposal, and a grand assault-at-arms is promised. There will be an eight round contest between H. Paul, of Stepney, and J. Christon, of Limehouse, for a purse; also an 8st 6lb competition, and Barney Scannal, of Mile End, and Bert Smith, of Edmonton, will have a four round contest. Young Napper and Dick Sawyer, his late opponent, will engage in the wind-up.

## A NEW WAY TO COLLECT OLD DEBTS.

Harry Jones had a brilliant future in store as "champion shaver" of Nine Elms Lane, and "champion light-weight boxer" in the same neighbourhood, but has shattered all his prospects by unfortunately attempting to add to these ornamental callings the duty of debt collecting. In the character of a shaver his touch was light enough to go over, without breaking it, the most delicate pimple that ever blossomed on a customer's chin, but as a debt collector, his blows were sufficient to fell an ox. He understood that Westley Leaker owed him some money, and determined to forego the pleasure of church attendance on Sunday afternoon, in order to collect the debt. He found the man in bed suffering from some ailment, and, as the money was not immediately forthcoming, he gave the patient two blows on the head, one of which was of terrific force, and broke Mr. Leaker's jaw. Mr. Hopkins, the magistrate at Lambeth, remarked that a more unfortunate or more extraordinary way of collecting debts was never known. It was a pity that a man who had made a reputation for easy shaving should lose his light and gentle touch the moment he tried another occupation—and on a Sunday, too! For the next two months Nine Elms will be deprived of its champion, who will pass that period in picking oakum in one of her Majesty's gaols.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

At the International Cycling Meeting held at Malmo, Sweden, July 29, A. J. Watson, London, won the mile in 2min 39 4-5sec, and W. Broadbridge, also of London, the quarter mile in 33 4-5sec.

* * *

News is to hand of the decease of Archibald Brown, of Glasgow, who was for years well known as a Humane Society medallist, and one of the finest swimmers and divers of his time. He saved many lives from drowning under circumstances of exceptional danger, and took part with varying success in Scottish fast swimming championship races. He, in December, 1880, accomplished one of the most daring deeds of his life. Having proceeded to rescue a boy, who had fallen through the ice of a deep quarry at Polmadie Park, on the outskirts of Glasgow, he had to smash the ice as he gallantly swam to where the boy had sunk; and then had to dive repeatedly before he was successful in saving the lad's life. Brown was forty-five years of age, and died of bronchitis.

* * *

Capt. John Brewer, the crack wing-shot, evidently overestimated his ability when he wagered 250 dols. a few weeks ago that he could kill 95 out of 100 birds at fifty yards boundary. But the Captain was at that time so confident of his prowess that he made an additional wager of 100 dols. that he could kill ninety-seven birds at eighty yards boundary. The shoot took place at Willard Park, Paterson, New Jersey, July 20, and the Captain lost the first bet by four birds, and the second one by three, killing 91 in the first and 94 in the second.

The two shoots were shot off at the same time, all birds getting out of the fifty yard limit being brought down in the eighty, excepting three that got over the fence. The birds were a good lot, but were slow to rise. Most of them were killed within a few feet of the ground. In the last quarter Brewer killed twenty-two straight, using his second barrel six times.

* * *

The wicked man filleth his mouth with whisky and saith it's bully, but the good man poureth it down his neck and saith nothing.

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

**A New Zealand Girl who insisted on Cash in Advance before Marrying.**

HE PADDED HIS LEGS.

**A Cyclist who utilised Sawdust in Increasing the Size of his Legs.**

HEN FRUIT FOR A FLIRT.

**A Village Siren Pelted with Eggs for Having Lax Virtuous Principles.**

THE OLD 'UN GETS THE SHAKE.

A Poll Parrot Acquaints an Aged Admirer that He's Not Wanted.

LIBERAL DONATIONS FOR CHARITY.

Rhecocurie Patrons who Freely Parted with Money to Sisters of Charity.

## NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That Mr. George Gould will bring another yacht to this country next season.

— That owing to the able management of Messrs. Ashley and Cleveland, the testimonial to Billy Plimmer was a big financial success.

— That Billy Edwards, the American pugilist of Hoffman House fame, will remain in this country till the middle of August.

— That Jem Mace will probably take up his permanent residence in the United States.

— That Peter Jackson is one of the most intelligent pugilists before the public, and is capable of conducting his own business affairs.

— That Nat C. Goodwin, the American Comedian, is taking life easy at Surrey.

— That what news The Mirror of Life don't give you is not worth knowing.

— That a fight between George Johnson and George Dixon would create a great deal of excitement, and the odds would be on the English lad.

— That David St. John, the Cardiff Giant, is prepared to fight any big'un alive for a reasonable stake and purse.

— That His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales feels justly proud of his racing yacht the *Britannia*.

— That Lord Lonsdale is one of the best sportsmen in the kingdom, and a good judge of yachting as well as boxing.

— That Arthur Callan is in France, where he will do battle with the raw 'uns.

— That Jack Farley was matched to fight Callan, but will probably drop out and make way for some other pugilist.

— That Jack Gover is likely to be an opponent for Callan in France.

— That the ring news in the Mirror of Life is replete and thoroughly reliable.

— That for one shilling to the Mirror of Life we will mail you "The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett."

— That what Corbett knows about how to avoid fighting would fill many volumes.

— That Bob Fitzsimmons has secured an ample supply of war paint, which he will use liberally when Corbett gets back to the States.

— That Frank Slavin has hopes of retrieving his lost laurels, and if successful he will be a lucky chap.

— That no club in the States would offer a very large purse for Jake Kilrain against any good big 'un, because he is past his prime as a pugilist.

— That next season there will be a new racecourse at Laindon, near Brentwood, Essex.

— That at Plymouth, Joseph Dower, a publican, was fined £200 for maintaining a betting house. Charles and Ernest Brock were fined £100 each for a similar offence.

— That several proprietors of old-established City betting-houses have suspended business for a short time, to await the result of Mr. Butt's case.

— That the yacht, *Satanita*, is in good racing repair.

— That the Midland Pedestrian Company will shortly give £100 in prizes for a handicap to occur at Wednesbury.

— That the *Valkyrie* is undergoing repair at Greenock, and will leave the Clyde in a week prepared for racing.

— That Jem Miles, of Brixton, still possesses a clever pair of legs, though he is fifty-four years of age. He offers to walk any man in the world fifty years of age for £200 a-side.

— That A. Flaunty has quit the cinder path, and blossomed forth as proprietor of Turkish baths at Woolwich.

— That the Midland Pedestrian Company's handicap at Wednesbury was a success in every sense.

— That Joe Darby, the Dudley wonder, well deserves the title of champion all-round jumper of the world.

— That the Living Pictures at the Tivoli have made a decided hit.

— That J. H. Jennings has again assumed the management of the Oxford Music Hall.

— That the illustrations in The Mirror of Life are done by the ablest artists obtainable, and comprises wood engravings executed by first class workmen.

— That in a quoit match at the City Grounds, Wakefield, for £20, A. Foulstone defeated Tom Brown by a score of 41 to 16.

— That The Mirror of Life is the only illustrated sporting journal in Great Britain publishing accurate portraits of prominent people.

— That Son of a Gun, the winner of the Liverpool Cup, was the highest-priced lot disposed of at the break-up of the Badminton Stud on March 14 last. The colt, who was bred by the Duke of Beaufort, was purchased on that date for 2,800 guineas by John Porter, who was acting on behalf of Mr. F. Alexander.

— That Private Rennie, winner of the Queen's Prize, had a magnificent reception in Glasgow July 25. As the London train steamed into the Central Station the cheering was deafening, and a band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Rennie was hoisted on a decorated chair and carried through the streets, the crowds cheering and waving their hats and handkerchiefs. Volunteers from all the Glasgow regiments turned out to do him honour. He was conveyed to the 3rd Lanark Drill Hall, where his health was drunk with enthusiasm.

— That in a 200yds race at Reading, H. Adams defeated D'Amson, for £10, with ease.

—That in a trial at golf, James Barrie lowered the record for the nine-hole course at Newcastleton to 44, the best previous performance there being 46.

— That Ted Pritchard sen., father of the ex-champion middle-weight, has taken possession of the public-house known as The Ship, Bacon Street, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green.

— That the Prefect of Police of Paris has issued a decree forbidding betting on billiard matches in the billiard academies there.

— That Peter Maher, the Dublin heavy-weight has issued a business-like challenge for a prize-ring encounter, and Corbett must acknowledge it or surrender his claim to championship honours.

— That Harry Overton, the pugilist, is running the Gaiety Music Hall at Oldbury.

— That a few well conducted foot handicaps at Wednesbury would revive sprinting in the midlands.

— That the amicable settlement of the Rogers v. Rogers divorce suit was a disappointment to many people who gloat over reading divorce cases.

— That Harry Nickless is not entitled to recognition as a representative 10st pugilist.

— That Tom Williams, of Aldershot, would jump at a chance to fight Nickless at the National Sporting Club.

— That John Boyle, of Glasgow, is open to meet any man in the world in a twenty-round or finish fight for £200 a side.

— That in a quoit match at Putney, Dave Bruce, the champion, was beaten by W. Kirby, of Wandsworth, by a score of 41 to 40 points. At the same place, W. Robson, holder of the North London Challenge Cup, beat A. Turner by a score of 41 to 34.

— That Lachie Thompson, the Glasgow pugilist, now in South Africa, contemplates a visit to America in the autumn and challenge all comers at 10st.

— That there is a possibility of boxing being revived in San Francisco the coming winter. Several new athletic clubs are about to be organised. A strong bid for the Jackson-Corbett contest will be made.

— That Zimmerman and Harry Wheeler, the crack American bicyclists, will ride at Birmingham August 6, 7, and 8 in a tourney to be held at the Aston Lower grounds.

## WILLIAM ANDRE.

**A Trapeze Artist who is Proficient at High Diving.**

*(With Portrait.)*

William Andre, who is partner to Louis Golden, was born in Chicago, U.S.A., October 18, 1870; he was for five years a swimming instructor at the Chicago Natatorium, joining Boyton's water show last season, when he won the English swimming championship. Andre has won a great many trophies for fast swimming, but makes a specialty of high diving and feats upon a trapeze. His performance with Golden at Antwerp is of a unique and interesting nature, and a decided feature of the water show.

## SAM AND MOLLIE TAUGHT A LESSON.

**A Little Flirtation Brought to an Abrupt End, and Creates much Ill-feeling.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"Here is an episode too amusing to conceal," writes a correspondent, "and has been the means of creating a great amount of ill-feeling between two families who had been on the closest terms possible of intimacy. Early in June two swells and their wives took up a residence in a certain hotel at a well-known seaside resort, and they appeared to be on the firmest kind of friendship. As is generally the case, men can always see the faults in their own families and look upon the wives of friends as an example to be proud of. It appears that one of the swells developed quite a fancy for his friend's wife, and when an occasion presented itself they would stroll along the sands and act like a couple deeply in love with each other. To commemorate the occasion of one of their pleasant strolls, Sam and Mollie halted at a bath-house and inscribed with a pencil "Sam and Mollie, June 12." It happened that Sam's wife is a decidedly jealous creature, and in passing the spot that day she perceived the inscription. Explaining matters to Mollie's husband, they visited the place, and in large letters she wrote, "Sam's wife and Mollie's husband here together next day, June 13." When Mollie discovered that, there was a war of words, and it resulted in a general breaking up, and both couples returned to London. It will take some time before the wound is healed up, and in the meantime both men jealously guard every move made by their mates when they go out of an afternoon. The women frequently meet, but they never speak as they pass by.

## STAGE FAVOURITES.

**Miss Ada Rehan.**

No American comedienne has attained so much popularity and respect, both in England and the States, as Miss Ada Rehan. She was born in Limerick, Ireland, April 22, 1860, and went to America when but five years of age. She first appeared with Oliver Dowd Byron in "Across the Continent," and afterwards joined such stars as Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and John McCullough in Shakespearean plays. In 1878 she became leading lady of Augustin Daly's Company, and has shone as the bright particular star of that company in its successes in London and New York since then.

**Lottie Collins**

jumped into fame with Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, and created quite a craze on the music hall stage throughout the United Kingdom. Her success in America has been equal to that in this country, and she now conducts a vaudeville company of her own abroad. Lottie is a London girl, and a big favourite with the patrons of the music-halls of this country. She is sure of meeting with a flattering reception whenever she returns to London.

## A STAY-AT-HOME HUSBAND.

**How he Transformed his Residence Into a Bawdy House During his Family's Absence.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

It's not safe nowadays for a family to take a vacation and leave the head of the house behind. Of course, he poses as a martyr, and pleads lonesomeness, and why shouldn't he? That acts as an excellent shield for him to carry out his designs. A prominent business man posed as a much abused husband. The past month, while his family were enjoying a holiday at the seaside he was persistent in his letters to the family that they should remain till September, because their health demanded a good long rest; meanwhile he would "struggle to get along somehow, though he missed them very much."

He carried affairs on in rather bold style, and every evening managed to have loose characters at his residence to liven matters up. He would have progressed without interruption had not one of the neighbours written to the guilty man's wife informing her of his outrageous conduct. The family returned rather unexpectedly, and upon entering the drawing-room the husband was caught sitting upon the lounge caressing two sirens and the trio drinking champagne. On the wall, directly under the wife's portrait, was a placard which said, "She's not coming back till September—Thank God!" The scene that followed was beyond description. The sirens were immediately ordered out, and now the husband is on probation. The wife declares that she would seek redress in the Divorce Court were it not for the disgrace it would bring upon the children.

## JAMES NEWTON.

**Champion Rapid Shaver of the West of England.**

*(With Portrait.)*

James Newton, of Plymouth, is the champion shaver of the West of England, and desires to figure as a contestant for The Mirror of Life trophy. He is credited with having shaved five men in the space of 2min 27sec, disposing of his competitor by 40sec time.

## JAMES FINNEY.

**England's Expert Swimmer.**

*(With Portrait.)*

James Finney has attained his reputation as a fancy and expert swimmer. On October 20, 1882, at Blackpool, he swam 113yds 1ft under water. April 7, 1886, at the Canterbury Music Hall, he remained under water for 4min 29½secs. At the Folly Theatre, Manchester, March 28, 1892, he picked up eighty-four halfpenny pieces with his mouth at one dive. Finney was one of the best short-distance swimmers in England up to the time J. Nuttall came to the front.

## THEY REPULSE THE BURGLARS.

**Two Girls who Make a Gallant Stand against House-breakers.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

All young women are not easily frightened, and some can face danger as well, if not better, than most men. Southampton can boast of two girls who repulsed a couple of burglars in clever fashion the other night. Whilst the unwelcome visitors were cutting a hole through the door, one of the young ladies placed her arm through the handles of the sliding doors, whilst the other shifted all the movable furniture up as a barricade. This gave the house-breakers so much work to perform that before the task was accomplished aid arrived and drove the miscreants away. The heroines fainted, but not till all danger was past.

## OUTWITTED THE MANAGER.

**How a Siren of the Footlights and Her Admirer Escaped the Vigilant Eye of the Manager.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Sirens of the footlights who wear abbreviated attire usually have a large horde of admirers, and the one who can spend the most money holds the front position in her affections. The favoured one delights in getting behind the scenes, and goes into ecstasies when he is permitted to enter the dressing rooms, though it be contrary to the rules laid down by the managers. It was directly after a show one evening that a performer in the ballet, who had received profuse floral offerings, extended and invite to her favoured admirer to enter her dressing-room, where a large quantity of champagne and many cigarettes were disposed of. The *tête-à-tête* was carried on rather longer than it should have been, and the manager, in order to ascertain why the siren had not started for home, knocked at the dressing-room door. With all haste the admirer dropped to his knees, and was covered over with a large blanket. The siren sat on his back and then ordered the visitor to come in. She professed to be indulging in a much-needed rest, and was about to don her street apparel when he entered. This threw the manager off his guard, and allowed the pair to leave the theatre undiscovered.

## THE OLD 'UN GETS THE SHAKE.

**A Poll Parrot Acquaints an Aged Admirer that He's Not Wanted.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Some girls prefer to marry a young man and slave out their lives for him, but the majority of the modern damsels seek an aged admirer with plenty of good hard cash, so they can lead a life of ease and gaiety. When you hear of an instance out of the usual way it is well to make note of it, and we therefore wish to mention an incident that occurred in a town within fifty miles of Charing Cross the other day. It appears that a young lady had a young and an old man who sought her hand in marriage, and while the young one came empty-handed he breathed words of love in the ears of his adored one which were sufficient to make up for his neglect to bring more substantial love tokens. The old 'un invariably brought flowers and sweets and frequently little presents of jewellery, but the warmth of love was lacking. It happened that whilst the young lover had the fair one in close embrace the other day, the ancient admirer tapped at the door. Matters might have progressed serenely but for a poll parrot, who bade him to enter, and soon as the door opened the parrot spoke words of truth that convinced the intruder he was not in the hunt. Only the young man does the courting now.

## HONEST SPORTS.

Joe Darby, the world's champion jumper, has retired from the field as a contestant of competitions, and will not in the future entertain a proposal to arrange a match, confining himself to exhibition work. His last appearance was on July 23, at the Priory Grounds, Dudley, when he met all comers in a series of jumps for a belt, valued at £50, emblem of the championship of the world, the competition comprising the following events:—Two jumps with weights, two jumps without weights, five jumps with weights, five jumps without weights, ten jumps with weights, ten jumps without weights, each competitor to stand at the mark and be allowed his own style, either hops, strides, or spring jumps. The entry was a fair one, and included Joe Darby, Dudley (champion); A. Boyce, Walsall; P. Ashmole, Dudley; T. Darby, Dudley; T. Knott, Salford; T. Burton, Radcliffe; Temple-Jones, Bolton; A. Seddon, Daffcooker; J. Short, Dudley; C. Taylor, Dudley; and W. Sharp, Bury. The jumping was very interesting, and resulted as follows:—

Two Spring Jumps without Weights.—Darby, 22ft, 1; Short, 21ft 1in, 2; Boyce, 20ft, 3; Ashmole, 18ft, 4; Taylor, 17ft 3in, 5.

Two Jumps with Weights.—Darby, 26ft 8½in, 1; Short, 25ft 9½in, 2; Boyce, 22ft 9in, 3; Ashmole, 21ft 10in, 4; Taylor, 20ft 5½in, 5.

Five Spring Jumps without Weights.—Darby, 58ft 11in; the champion had another try, and covered 60ft 1in, thus making a new record; Short, 52ft 4in; Boyce, 51ft 2½in; Ashmole, 46ft 10in; Taylor, 43ft 11½in.

Five Jumps with Weights.—Darby, 65ft 11in; Short, 60ft 9in; Boyce, 57ft 5in; Taylor, 55ft; Ashmole, 54ft 11in.

Ten Spring Jumps without Weights.—Darby, 116ft 10in; Short, 105ft 10in; Boyce, 100ft 11in; Taylor, 98ft 9in; Ashmole, 91ft 11in.

Ten Jumps with Weights.—Darby, 130ft 8in; Short, 120ft 4in; Ashmole, 109ft 6in.; Taylor, 109ft; Boyce, 103ft. 10in.

The aggregate results were:—Joe Darby (champion), 421ft 1½in, 1; J. Short, 386ft 1½in, 2; A. Boyce, 356ft 1½in, 3; T. Ashmole, 343ft, 4; Taylor, 339ft, 5. Darby was, therefore, declared the winner amid much cheering. In a speech to the spectators Darby stated he should retire from all future competitions and matches. He had been champion stand jumper for thirteen years, and should continue to still exhibit. Further challenges to him would be an insult.

* * *

The *Vigilant* gained her second victory over the *Britannia* July 24. The two yachts raced over a triangular course of 48 miles three times round the mark-boat off Poor Head, round the mark-boat off Daunt's Rock, and the mark-boat off Roche's Point for a prize of £100, under the auspicies of the Royal Cork Yacht Club. A capital start was effected, the *Britannia* getting over the line at 10.35 a.m., the *Vigilant* following 10sec later. The *Vigilant* won, crossing the finishing line 4min ahead of the *Britannia*. Times: *Vigilant*, 8h 52min 20sec; *Britannia*, 8h 56m 55sec.

* * *

Julian P. Bliss has created a new record for riding a bicycle one mile. At the Waltham, Mass., U.S.A. track, July 15 he covered a mile, with a flying start, in 1min 54 4-5sec. On the same day he rode a mile, with standing start, in a level 2min. He was paced by a tandem in both trials.

* * *

According to advices from Denver Colorado, W. H. Copple and A. S. Henderson decided a 200 yards race, upon which was pending nearly £1,000. Copple was returned a winner in 19 2-5sec. Henderson was less than 2ft behind. If Copple is capable of doing such a piece of running he is good enough to meet any man in the world in a race on level terms.

* * *

The Amateur Swimming Association's 220 yards championship race was decided at Nottingham July 23. Five started, the result proving an easy win for J. H. Tyers, who completed the distance in 2min 49sec; J. H. Derbyshire was second, and A. A. Green third.

* * *

The Midland Pedestrian Company's 135 yards handicap for £50 in prizes was brought to a conclusion, before a large crowd, at the Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesbury, July 23. A. Booth, Masboro, holding the 16 yards mark, finished first in the final heat. Homer of Cradley, 14½ yards, was second; A. Bates, London, 13 yards, third; and W. Roberts, Hulme, 17 yards, fourth.

* * *

Flushed with success over the recent venture, the Midland Pedestrian Company will shortly give £100 in cash prizes for a handicap to be decided at the Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesbury. The people in that section take kindly to sprinting, and with proper management big events can be successfully conducted there, and it is only a question of a short time when the interest in that branch of sport will be as great as it ever was in the Sheffield district. What will ensure prosperity is honest running, fair handicapping and good management in events to be decided. Those who are connected with the Midland Pedestrian Company are reliable sportsmen, and want each and every handicap to be decided strictly on merits. If runners have a desire to revive the game they should co-operate with the management in crowding out any man whose sole desire is to run for the purpose of defrauding his financial friend or the public.

* * *

The sixty-fifth contest for the Wingfield Sculls was decided over the Thames Championship Course, July 23. Vivian Nickalls, whose portrait appeared in our issue of two weeks ago, and Hon. Rupert Guinness were the contestants. A far more interesting race was witnessed than anticipated, Guinness making a capital display, and almost rowed his antagonist down at Hammersmith Bridge, where Nickalls was out of his proper station. Strength told in the end, however, and after being pushed up to the top of Chiswick Eyot, Nickalls drew away and ultimately won somewhat easily. The pair drew out of the hat for stations, and the result was: Middlesex, Nickalls; Surrey, Guinness; the rivals being piloted respectively by W. Haines, from a London Rowing Club cutter, and W. G. East, from a cutter manned by the Leander Boat Club, which, however, proved of little or no use to him for coaching purpose. At starting Guinness struck 19 and 36 to the 17 and 33 of his antagonist, and he at once led and held his position to the Star and Garter. Here Nickalls got level, but Guinness kept him busy, and at Hammersmith, where Nickalls was out of his course, the younger sculler almost won on a foul, the leader only just escaping by the aid of a desperate spurt. Subsequently Guinness kept his man going up to Chiswick Eyot, but he tired towards the finish, and Nickalls ultimately won by three lengths in 23min 30sec, Guinness taking 9sec longer. The prize was duly presented to the winner on the way back to Putney on board of the steamer by Mr. Playford, sen., and both men were heartily applauded for their good display. This is the second occasion that Vivian Nickalls has been successful for the trophy, whilst his brother Guy has held it four times in all.

## THEY SAY

— That at Liverpool William Riley, twenty-six, a labourer, was committed for trial for the manslaughter of a child. Prisoner quarrelled with his wife and chased her into the street with firetongs. He threw the tongs at her, but missed, striking the child of a neighbour on the head.

* * *

— That at Luraville, Florida, a mob attempted to capture a negro against whom a charge had been made of outraging a white woman. The negro, however, was well armed, and firing, he killed one of his tormentors and badly wounded others. The mob dispersed to secure reinforcements and firearms, and in the meantime the negro surrendered to the authorities to take his trial.

* * *

— That an Edinburgh cyclist on tour was passing a milk-cart, eight miles north of Stonehaven, when he came into violent collision with one of two boys running behind the vehicle. The lad was seriously injured, and is not expected to recover.

* * *

— That the sheriff of the county of Limerick, with Mr. O'Brien, agent of a property at Mungret, proceeded to carry out an eviction at that place July 25 for non-payment of rent. No police protection appears to have been applied for, and a determined resistance was offered. Mr. O'Brien was struck on the head with an iron weapon, while the sheriff and bailiffs were hooted and groaned at. Ultimately it was found necessary to abandon the eviction.

* * *

— That an extraordinary episode occurred at the Avenue, Rochester, early on the morning of July 25. A man who had been out with a beanfeast party sat down on a doorstep to rest. He fell asleep, and upon partially waking, evidently imagined himself to be at home in his bedroom, for he removed his clothing, and in every way acted as if about to retire. In making a movement as if to place himself upon an imaginary bed he tore down a creeper growing on the property in front of which he had stopped, and laid himself on the ground.

* * *

— That Lord Rothschild has been trying the experiment of breaking zebras to harness. He owns three, now in the hands of a trainer in South Kensington. Much difficulty was experienced with the animals at first, but they were "educated" by being harnessed with a quiet pony one at a time. The other day one zebra alone was driven in a light dogcart through the streets, and he trotted past a steam roller without wincing.

* * *

—That O. L. Ratovitch, of St. Petersburg, claims one of the most ingenious devices for smuggling was detected in Russia not long ago. A great number of false bank notes had been put into circulation within the dominions of the Czar. They could only have been imported, and although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and while being examined one of them fell out from a package, and the Custom House officer, picking it up, cut it to a point and used it to sign the order which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the loose pencil for his own use, and a few days afterward, because it needed a new point, he cut it again and found that there was no more lead. He cut still further, and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nested in the hollow place where the lead was supposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they had been smuggled into the country.

* * *

— That two persons died from fright at Thackley, near Bradford, during a thunderstorm. A boy was also struck by lightning and received fatal injuries.

* * *

—That arising from the inquiry into the Brentwood barbarities, a curious case will shortly come before the magistrate. Two of the inmates of the school are sons of a man named Noquet, and he has fallen into arrear with his maintenance money. He now declines to pay up the arrears on the ground that the children have been cruelly treated. Hackney Guardians ordered that proceedings should be taken against the father.

* * *

— That a receiving order was made against John Thomas Wright, retired major in the army, now resident at St. Enogat, France, and late of Carlisle Mansions, W. The petitioning creditor is the liquidator of the House and Land Investment Trust, who claims £260 upon a final judgment. The debtor is brother to H. Granville Wright, and was a director of the Liberator, the Buildings Securities Company, and the House and Land Investment Trust.

* * *

— That the record for the Bath Cycling Club's course was beaten in the 25 miles handicap July 28 to the extent of 2min 50sec by T. Hiscocks, who finished first in 1h 14min 13sec. H. W. Frampton was second and H. Leaman third.

## DAD WASN'T THE BOSS.

**A Trio who Objected to their Father being too Officious.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"Children working upon a farm prize liberty too highly to tolerate a parent being too officious," writes a Bedfordshire correspondent. "Whilst removing a load of hay recently a farmer became somewhat abusive to his son, and insisted upon him performing duties rather too severe for the lad to accomplish. Securing some rope he bound the obstinate parent about the arms and body, and, calling to his sisters, he let the old 'un down from a load of hay by means of a rope attached to his legs. The lad drove off, delivered his load, and, upon returning, the parent had cooled down to such an extent that he fully realised he was not master of the situation."

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